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SATYÂN NÂSTI PARO DHARMAH

THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH

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To investigate unexplained laws of nature and the powers latent in man.

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THE
THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW

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ON THE WATCH-TOWER

WE are anxiously awaiting the full account of Sarat Chandra Das's journeyings in Tibet and his description of the sacred city of Lhasa and its inhabitants, which the Royal Geographical Society has for some time past had in preparation. Meantime we would refer our readers to two most interesting photographs of the most striking collection of buildings in that mysterious city, the sacred capital of Buddhism. These are the first photographs of Lhasa which have ever been made accessible to the West, though we have several plans and native pictures and also the rude wood-cut in the ancient volume of the Jesuit Father Kircher. The first of these photographs is published in the October number of *La Géographie*. It is a view of Potala, the great collection of tiers of monasteries and temples topped with the palace of the Dalaï Lama. This huge mass of buildings covers a hill of some size, rising steeply from the plain and dominating the scattered collection of substantial buildings of all kinds which form the modern Lhasa. This photograph was taken by a Kalmuck chief Orché Norzounof some six months ago when on a second

Two photographs of Lhasa

pilgrimage to the city. It is apparently taken from the south and at some considerable distance. The second photograph is printed in the December number of the *Journal* of the Geographical Society. It is also of Potala, but is very much finer than the view reproduced in *La Géographie*. It was taken by a member of the Nepal embassy in Pekin, apparently from the south-west. The photographer was much closer to the huge pile of buildings, and has succeeded in obtaining a most beautiful and striking picture. It is indeed most fascinating to see this vast mass of buildings, rising stage above stage and crowned with the roofs of the Dalaï Lama's palace, perched upon the sacred hill standing out solitary from the plain, while in the far distance the great mountains shut in the horizon, for Lhasa itself is some 10,000 feet above the sea. There is some considerable difficulty in forming a clear idea of the height of the hill. The Bengali A. K. (Kṛishṇa) says it is 300 feet high, but a Kalmuck Buddhist priest Baza-Bakchi, who has recently published a description of his visit in Kalmuck (so far translated only into Russian) says it is 500 metres; the latter is indubitably an exaggeration, but Kṛishṇa's estimate is also certainly too small, unless he estimated only the hill and not the buildings on it. From the plans and the photographs, however, we can form some idea of the approximate height. The circumference of the hill is given as two kilometres. As we have almost the whole of the south front given in the first photograph, the height of the whole would be about a quarter to a third of the major axis, say some 250 metres; this would give us some 800 feet. And judging by the size of the people in the second photograph, it is certainly nearer 800 than 300 feet. In any case it is one of the most remarkable photographs we have ever seen.

* * *

The Use of Exaggeration

ELSEWHERE in our pages we have referred at some length to a new book by Mr. H. Fielding, *The Hearts of Men*. In it he touches on a point of great importance when he says that motive power lies in exaggeration. "There is no strength in the mean," he writes. "It is the enthusiasts that make the world move. If they have been guilty of half the misery, they have achieved half the joy of the world."

Man is so built that he requires exaggeration. If you would persuade him to go with you a mile you must urge him to come two; if you would have him acquire a reasonable freedom you must create in him an enthusiasm for unreasonable freedom; if you would have him moderate his passions he must be adjured to wholly repress them.

And, therefore, it may be, do the codes of Buddha and Christ live. Not because they are absolutely true, not because they furnish an ideal mode of life, not in order to be fully accepted, but because they are exaggerations that balance exaggerations; and out of the mean has come what is worth having; because they have an effect which the exact truth would not have on the masses of men.

* * *

Now there is little doubt that Mr. Fielding will be taken severely to task by the vast majority of Buddhists and Christians for writing his last paragraph, and we also feel compelled to join issue with him, but for reasons far other than the orthodox of either faith will adduce. Our author has drawn attention to a great factor in human affairs, namely the motive power of exaggeration, but the two great examples he has adduced are in our opinion exceedingly doubtful. Mr. Fielding and his orthodox opponents will contend on the common ground of assumption that they possess the real codes of the Buddha and the Christ. This we ourselves very much doubt. We have the "codes" of the disciples, not of the Masters. In the case of Christianity there is little doubt to the student of criticism that the traditional settings of the Sayings are in many cases after-thoughts, that the Sayings themselves are in many cases the sayings of disciples and not of the Master Himself. Instruction given to individuals for their special helping have been handed down as laws applying to all men, things of the moment have been expanded into eternal truths, binding on all the faithful. All this is clearly to be seen in the Christian tradition, and though not a millionth part of the work expended on New Testament research has yet been done on the Buddhist Tripiṭaka, it is very evident that the same phenomena are before us in the tradition of the Dharma, and that the Master has been made responsible for a thousand and one things which have emanated from disciples alone.

Doubtful Examples

* * *

But entirely apart from historical and literary criticism there is

a general principle which can guide us in the matter. If the codes that have reached us were actually formulated as they stand by the Masters themselves, and not gradually developed by the disciples, then we should have to admit that in many things the great Teachers exaggerated. If They *consciously* exaggerated, They were not servants of the Truth, if They *unconsciously* exaggerated, They were not Masters of Wisdom. Now we hold that They were wise, wiser than any wisdom Mr. Fielding or ourselves can understand; we only display our own foolishness by attempting to criticise Them, but we may very well point out how Their disciples exaggerated in all good faith though in ignorance of their Masters' wisdom. It is the commonest of phenomena that great teachers suffer from the foolish exaggerations of their pupils. But if these exaggerations are honest and natural exaggerations, they do the work, for they oppose the exaggerations which the Masters strove to moderate, and like wars with like. The "many" are called and they misconstrue the call into an order to war on the "many," but it is only the few who understand.

A Dilemma

* * *

THEREFORE when we perceive exaggeration and know that it is honest, we may be sure that there is not right knowledge. But though we perceive in it a lack of knowledge we should be on our guard against thinking lightly of it, for in it there is power. Not that we may *consciously* exaggerate in order to exercise power, for then we should be liars to our fellows; but there is comfort in the thought that even ignorance may be used for good purpose, when a better exaggeration overpowers a worse. We, however, profess ourselves lovers of wisdom, and wisdom is born only when knowledge and power are joined in perfect union. Do not, however, let us forget that exaggeration can take all forms, we can have exaggerated caution as well as foolhardiness, exaggerated scepticism as well as credulity. Indeed, Aristotle seems to have been wiser than Plato when he defined virtue, not as the opposite of a vice, but as the mean between two extremes—for instance, courage the mean between cowardice and rashness. Now the Buddha is said to have taught the Middle Way in all

The Middle Way

things, and we prefer this tradition of His teaching to the traditions of exaggeration; equally so we believe the Christ taught the Middle Way, for how does the economy of the Christ differ from that of His Brethren?

* * *

An Experiment in Evidence

IT is very difficult for the ordinary person to realise the illusory nature of the "facts" with which he daily stuffs his head out of the newspapers. It is still more difficult for him to realise the entirely problematical nature of most of that which is current in the world as history. Most difficult of all is it for him to understand that much on which he would gladly stake his immortal existence most probably never occurred as it is stated to have occurred. The following paragraph from *The Morning Post* of January 7th provides us with a text on which an endless series of sermons could be preached.

Our Berlin Correspondent writes that the impending trial before the Supreme Military Court of Sergeant Marten, who has been condemned by the District Court of Gumbinnen for the murder of Captain von Krosick, lends a curious interest to some experiments concerning the trustworthiness of evidence which have recently been undertaken by Dr. von Liszt, a Berlin professor of criminal law. A few days ago Dr. von Liszt was lecturing on Tarde before an audience of jurists which included a district judge. At the close of the lecture the Professor hurriedly left the platform with the excuse that he had a pressing engagement and could not stop to answer questions. Before he had reached the door, however, a member of the audience asked in a loud voice what were Tarde's relations to Christianity. "A nice question to ask," a second gentleman observed in very insulting accents. "Hold your tongue!" retorted the first speaker, to which the second speaker replied, "What disgusting vulgarity!" The first speaker thereon rose in a fury, threw himself on his opponent, seized him by the throat, and threatened him with a revolver. The audience naturally became greatly excited. The tumult which followed was brought to a close by the voice of Dr. von Liszt, exclaiming, "Gentlemen, you have all seen the struggle which has just taken place. We will proceed at once, if you please, to record the evidence in the case."

Dr. von Liszt, with the aid of two assistants, had arranged beforehand the details of the exciting scene which was to the audience a sensational surprise. A few witnesses were examined on the spot, and the others in the course of the next few days. The result was astounding. Only one witness (and he was not the judge) was able to give a correct account of the quarrel;

the other accounts were full of errors, some of a gross character. Some of the witnesses, for instance, had observed not a revolver but a stick, and were prepared to testify on oath to the correctness of their observation.

The experiment of the Professor is the more interesting, our correspondent adds, in view of the nature of his audience, and its result is certainly calculated to reduce the value of the oaths on which many courts of justice now rely. Dr. von Liszt affirms that the systematic prosecution of experiments similar to the one described must result in enriching the experience and powers of judgment of jurists concerning the evidence on which they are required to pronounce a decision.

* * *

SUCH an experiment as the above provides invaluable lessons for us; it teaches us how abysmal is our ignorance of the actual facts of most things which profoundly stir our emotions, how hopeless it is to expect a truly accurate account of any occurrence in which men's passions are excited, and that, too, not only from the ordinary person but even from those who are supposed to have had some training in the nature of evidence. It is, however, not to be expected that the majority of mankind should be perpetually questioning every statement brought to its notice. This would mean a universal scepticism, a wholesale distrust, which would speedily destroy all confidence in our fellows. All we can expect of such imperfect registering machines as men apparently are, is that they should be honest, should not wilfully misrepresent. This as far as the many are concerned; but for those of us who are striving for higher things and a deeper knowledge of humanity, this is not enough. *We* must submit ourselves to sterner discipline. In Dr. von Liszt's experiment there was no real insult, no real quarrel, no real threatening; it was all mâyâvic, pure pretence. And yet the passions of the audience were just as strongly aroused as though it had all been in deadly earnest and they were face to face with a genuine tragedy. If, then, our passions are so strongly aroused by a mere pretence, if they are so stirred by a little play-acting in a natural setting, how much more must they be aroused when an actual tragedy is being enacted before us?

Some Lessons it teaches

* * *

Now all of our readers are aware that it is claimed by some of

our colleagues that this erroneous evidence of history can be checked and rectified by the unerring record of Nature herself, that everything which has occurred is registered by Nature's photography, and that, most astonishing of all, it is possible for humanity to develope the faculty of reading these records, nay, that some have already developed it; further that these things are not so much seen, as lived in again. Now those of our colleagues who have acquired this highly-developed gift of clear-seeing, affirm that it is very rarely that the testimony of history is borne out by the record of the natural facts; that it is very difficult to recognise what we are taught at school in the pictures of Nature's biograph. This we can easily believe; for if our colleagues were simply to confirm our prejudices, we should be inclined to set the whole matter on one side as a mere subjective dramatisation of our hopes and fears. On the other hand, it would be folly to imagine that because some of us are developing this stupendously extended faculty of observation, that therefore they are at the outset accurate observers, least of all accurate describers of what they observe. We cannot become accurate observers simply by indefinitely extending the field of observation. If we are not accurate observers of normal fact, how can we be accurate observers of infinite series of such facts? If our passions are so strongly stirred by the small tragic happenings that come before us in one short life, how much more stupendously will they be roused by the contemplation of the infinite tragedy of humanity in all its endless manifestations! For mark you, this record is said to be living, the images are not dead things; the observer cannot remain unmoved in presence of them until he grow into the stature of the Witness. If, then, it is so necessary that all should strive in normal life to be accurate, that so error may be diminished and truth increased, then incalculably more important is it that those who have the light of other days dawning within them should be skilled adepts in the nature of evidence. In ancient times they had no "history," mankind was taught by "myth." It may be in time that we shall go back to myth and, in despair of our incapacity, leave history to Nature, its divinely appointed guardian. Myths in their palmy days were convenient summaries of the types of

The Witness of Nature's Biograph

action working out infinitely in human affairs. History, to be really history, as it is generally understood, would have to rival the magic of Nature herself. This seems an idle dream, for why should Nature be dethroned? Will encyclopædias give us knowledge of life? May there then not be some way of reading the record other than the mechanical giving back of physical appearances?

* * *

A Telegraphic Diapason

In connection with the startling discoveries of Messrs. Armstrong and Orling related in our December "On the Watch-Tower," a paragraph from *The Daily Mail's* Paris correspondent (October 28th), adds to our information. We have the same "pitch" or "tone" of the radiations, or vibrations, as the fundamental principle on which these new discoveries are based. In all this we are strongly reminded of J. W. Keely and his notorious "motor." "Sympathetic vibration" was his basic idea as a theorist. But Keely was a fraud as far as actual performance was concerned; so the world says, and so some of our colleagues are convinced, and the evidence looked black enough. Still, Keely may not have been altogether a fraud; may he not have been a pioneer, and at times successful? However, this has little to do with M. Menadier's diapason.

M. Menadier, principal of the Polytechnic School, has communicated to the Académie des Sciences the results of some highly important discoveries in telegraphic communication.

In the course of his experiments M. Menadier, by the use of what he calls the undulatory currents, has found means of transmitting on a single wire a large number of simultaneous telegrams.

The system was put to a practical test between Paris and Bordeaux, and met with complete success. By using the diapason of M. Menadier, twelve operators during several hours sent messages simultaneously on a single wire; and at the same time, and without the operators being aware of it, private telegrams and service messages were transmitted by the ordinary continuous currents on the same wire.

These experiments have shown that at one time on the same wire as many as twenty-five simultaneous electric movements may cross one another without confusion, and the immense value of this discovery will be realised when it is stated that it enables a dozen operators, all using the same wire, to exchange 1,300 telegrams of twenty words each, or a total of 26,000 words in one hour.

FRAGMENTS OF THE MANDÆAN MASS FOR THE SOULS OF THE DEAD*

FROM THE GENZÂ, OR SIDRÂ RABBÂ

WE have in the great collection of sacred writings called the Genzâ (Codex Nazaræus) of the Mandæans, a compilation of fragments mangled and mixed, distorted sometimes beyond recognition, and arranged apparently without order—but fragments of what? This question has baffled scholars for many centuries, and perhaps it will do so for many more.

The majority of Orientalists have put aside the Genzâ-literature as intolerable or disagreeable reading, confused in matter and undignified in mode of expression; so that the enthusiast who should venture to introduce the subject of these curious writings is liable to find himself in the plight of the great St. Thomas, who, while discoursing at length one day upon the Manichæans at the royal table, paused at the end of one of his best periods to find himself alone in the room!

There has, however, been work done lately by a German scholar, Dr. W. Brandt, which shews that we may have here the ruins of some great Pagan religion, of some pre-Christian gnosis, or at any rate of a gnosis quite independent of Christianity—hardly Jewish, probably purely Chaldæan. For the oldest

* *Bibliographical Note.*

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"Das Schicksal der Seele nach dem Tode, nach mandäischen und parsischen Vorstellungen." *Jahrbücher für protestantische Theologie* (Ed. D. Lipsius, etc. Braunschweig; 1892). Vol. xviii.

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system of the gnosis points to the land of the Mandæans, to the swamps of Basra, the disfigured site of ancient Babylon, as its home and not to the cradle of Syrian Christianity.

The chief figure in the Genzâ is Mandâ d'Hajjê (*i.e.*, Gnosis of Life), the Christ, and yet it does not seem to be of Christian origin, and we find in the whole work no system of redemption and no dualism. There is no eternal antagonism of Light and Darkness as with Mani; there are hells enough, but no everlasting perdition. The Mandæan accepts this "sorry scheme of things entire" on the basis of a deep-seated faith in the doctrine of Mâyâ, of the illusion inherent in everything under the Sun. For him "evil is null, is void, is silence implying sound"; the world of darkness in which the soul passes its earth-life is in the eyes of God as if it were not. (See the First Liturgy.) The soul itself belongs to the real world of Light, of "the Light which passes not away" (Fragment xxii.).

At the end of Time, Ur, the great dragon, will finish up the things of darkness and all evil deeds in one bite, so that there will be nothing left but the Light-world, and all life will return to the Life whence it came and rest in infinite peace.

This is "the mystery and the doctrine which the Spirit [who records it] has mused and meditated upon, but it shall remain as a vision and as a dream among men and they will run after the false doctrines, they will hold to the gnosis of the Seven and of the Twelve—[that is, they will be satisfied with exoteric astrology dealing with the seven planets and the twelve signs of the zodiac], and they will worship Adonai [the Sun], who is the author of all impurity," and who by his reciprocal relations with the seven "planets" causes men to commit the seven deadly sins.

But this side of the subject belongs to the cosmogony and the earth-life of the soul and is found in what is called the Jamina or Right-Hand Genzâ, the Smâlâ or Left-Hand is for the instruction of the soul after death, and it is from this strange and mystical section that the fragments here given are taken.

The Smâlâ is properly speaking the second half of the book, but is in many ways the key to the far greater confusion and mass of detail of the first part, so it is as well to take it first. It

is a curious fact that in all the five existing MSS. of this Codex it is written so that one half is always upside down and the two ends of the Right-Hand and Left-Hand books meet in the middle; thus:

i. Jamina.

ii. Šmâlâ.

Among the fragments given below are some of such beauty that they may surely stand on their own merit without further explanation. They seem worthy to rank beside passages from Isaiah and Ecclesiastes and are enough to contradict the opinion of Silvestre de Sacy, who said that the Genzâ had given us nothing noble, sublime or majestic, but that it was the work of a disordered imagination without proportion in the pictures and without method or grace.

Dr. Brandt treats this work as an invention of some ingenious mind, an attempted solution of the mystery of mortal man by some quasi-philosophical dreamer. But to some it may perhaps suggest a primæval revelation from one who speaks with no uncertain voice, from some great Light-messenger, who meditates sorrowfully upon his native world of Light and tries by reiterated cries to teach the thoughtless souls of a dark world his message, in the manner of one who finds he is appealing to deaf ears and careless hearts—a revelation, distorted indeed almost beyond recognition, torn and inwoven with other torn fragments, defaced, derided and not understood, copied and cut up and re-copied, but still a strange treasury of some ancient wonderland of knowledge.

Instructions to the Living concerning the Dead

(Jamina) *Tractate I.* (Brandt)

And for each one who leaves his body (*i.e.*, dies) weep not for him, and make not mourning and wailing for the dead on his account, and do not eat the bread of the graves for him! For everyone who weeps over the dead shall be stood in the water-streams when they are full. He who rends the neck of his garments, shall have a stain upon his Vesture. He who tears his

hair for him shall be chained upon the mountain called Dark Mountain.

But go, ye miserable ones, pure and persecuted, weep over yourselves; for so long as ye are in the world your sins are many.

But ye who mourn for the souls that have been taken from out of your midst, let sorrow and bitterness be banished from your hearts and cease ye from weeping and wailing for the dead.

For out of your weeping and your wailing are fashioned the destroyers and the demons, and they will go before the soul on its way and distress it in the place of the extortioners.

But if indeed ye are seeking for your dead and love them, then pray and sing praises and recite the formula and the lines and appoint the sacrament (Massakto, *i.e.*, Mass), that the Master may be filled with pity for them.

Then glory shall go before them and light shall follow after them, the Messengers of Life shall be on their right hand and the Light-Angels on their left, and they shall be delivered from the purgatories, and the seething cauldron.

And instruct the souls that their hearts may not fail them. Let them hear gentle discourses and the praises that I have brought you, and then they will listen and bear witness and their hearts will rest.

[The Jamina also contains the First Liturgy, which seems to form part of the mystical instructions connected with the Mass for the Dead.]

First Liturgy

(Jamina, l.-lviii.) (Migne)

The Angel of Life speaks:

Reflect, Adam, that all the things of the world are before God as if they were not.

Correct thy proportions and restore balance in thy scales.

Choose one thing in a thousand and two things in ten thousand.

For all things here below are passing away, except virtue and good works.

The beauty of a woman fadeth and her grace and her exterior charms.

Spices and perfumes vanish away and every pleasure has its bounds.

All deeds that are evil and all deeds that are useless shall evaporate as if they had never existed.

Hearing these words Adam grieved and wept and he said to the Angel of Life:

Blessed art thou and may thy will be done.

But why have you sent me down into a perishing body of clay, destined only to rot under the corrupting action of Time?

Who is it that has thrown me among these mysteries and symbols?

Who is it has placed me among the imperfected things?

And the companion of the æon* answers:

Why do you thus question the world which you dwell in? Do you not know that only that happens which *you* yourself have willed to happen?

Listen! Soon you shall be set free from this borrowed habitation.

Arise, therefore, and adore the Lord that He may purify you and lead you into the abode of the Life.

(Smâlâ) *Tractate II.* (Migne, ii.)

The Great Life sent in its wisdom the Great Liberator to Adam to free him from the prison of this world to which he was called by (the calling of) Gabriel, where the seven planets exercise their fatal and pernicious empire, in order that he might be rid of this perishable body—of this body of clay and ignominy, which is upset by the least breath and which cannot resist the tooth of the rapacious lion, or the murderous point of a sword which wounds, nor the bite of a venomous serpent. . . .

And the soul was separated from the body of Adam . . . and conversed with the spirit and with the corpse and said: "What were you doing there? For the Liberator is at hand who shall set us free, and what viaticum shall we have on our way?"

And neither came there any answer from the spirit or from the corpse.

* Æon, or Mana, the soul.

But then the Liberator came himself, and he aroused Adam from his stupor and said: "Arise, Adam, throw off this perishing corpse, this robe of clay that you wore, this corporeal vestment, this impure body on which the seven planets and the twelve stars lavished their favours, and prepare thyself to go out of this world, for thy time nears to an end, and the term of thine existence is finished."

Fragment xi.

(For) the soul is more brilliant than the day-star, more pure than the orb of the night, stronger than the storm and sweeter than water.

Fragment xv.

Arise! Oh soul! and depart from this earth; behold! thy King cometh to meet thee!

Fragment xxxvi.

Oh Mana! Sweet Spirit!

[O mansuete Æon! (Norberg).]

Full of serenity and of mercy,

Draw unto thyself all those who in the everlasting scales shall be found worthy of an eternal reward! Amen.

Second Liturgy

(Smâlâ) (Migne, v *et seq.*)

In the name of the Life, in the name of the Light!

I am the Mana of the Sovereign Life, I am the Mana of the Life so high and so great!

Who has placed me on earth and enclosed me in a body?

My brilliant feet are hidden in a body.

My mouth once pure is now the mouth of a corpse.

My eyes where once flew Light and Life are now only the eyes of an assemblage of clay!

Fragment iv.

My heart which once sighed after Life and Liberty, is now thrown into a house of clay!

[The fragments seem to belong here and come again and again like some refrain in a dirge.]

Fragment vii.

The soul speaks to the body: My feet are as brilliant as the Sun but yours are as dark as the clay out of which you are made.

My heart passionate for the true Life is in a breaking vessel, and my intellect is clouded.

But will the Seven indeed allow me to tread this path?

How shall I understand?

How can I progress?

How shall I console my desolate heart?

What dangers throng round me!

What mysterious snares are laid for me by the Seven and the Twelve!

[Then follows the beautiful Hymn of the liberated soul, a triumphant pæan of joy which seems to conclude the Mass, and the work of the Priest is ended. The Fragment given in conclusion must have been chanted at some portion of the Requiem Service and is given by Migne at the end of the Smâlâ.]

THE SECOND LITURGY IN THE REQUIEM

(Smâlâ) (Brandt)

i.

Soul: How I rejoice in the day that looses me from my struggling, and my going is unto the place of the Life!

I fled away and I am gone.

As far as to the Watch of the Sun, I am come. And I cry with a loud cry unto the Watch of the Sun, "Who is it that shall lead me past?"

Answer: Thy reward and thy works and thine alms and thy good deeds, shall lead thee past the Watch of the Sun.

ii.

Soul: How great is my rejoicing! How my heart delighteth itself!

How I rejoice in the day that looses me from my struggling, and my going is unto the place of the Life!

I fled away and I am gone!

As far as to the Watch of the Moon, I am come,

And I cry with a loud cry unto the Watch of the Moon: "Who is it that shall lead me past?"

Answer: Thy reward and thy works and thine alms and thy well-doing, shall lead thee past the Watch of the Moon.

iii. How great. . . . as far as to the Watch of the Fire.

iv. ,, ,, ,, ,, ,, the Seven.

v. ,, ,, ,, ,, ,, the Ruha (or Breath).

vi. How great. . . .

Soul: I fly and I am gone, I have come to the water-streams. When I am come to the water-streams there cometh forward to meet me the Ray of the Glory.

And He takes me by the right hand and leads me over the water-streams.

And they robed me in Glory, and clad me in vestures of Light.

And life rested itself upon the Life and found its own life; its own life has it found!

Priest: Thus have I found the soul of N. N., son of N. N., who is perfected by this Mass.

And the Life conquers, and the man conquers, who has betaken himself hither.

For the Life is pure. Amen!

Fragment xxii.

That which was weak shall be laid in the bier, and that which was weary shall rest in the sepulchre.

But thy works, O soul, shall arise with thee and be thy witnesses. . .

Behold thy witnesses!

Behold for thee, for thou hast been faithful, thy defenders!

Then also the Life shall take thee by the hand and say unto thee:

"Come unto Me, into the abode of Peace and of the Light that passeth not away."

The Life is pure. Amen!

A. L. B. HARDCASTLE.

FREETHOUGHT IN THEOSOPHY

JUST now there seems to be a recrudescence of narrowness in some parts of the Theosophical world, and an inclination to impose on members of the Society restrictions as to what they shall or shall not believe. One would have thought that the freedom of thought from dogmatic fetters within the Society was a statement that had been repeated almost *ad nauseam;* and yet now and again one is astounded at the sudden self-elevation of a small pope, who lays down doctrines and utters denunciations on unbelievers, as though he had been proclaimed as infallible *ex cathedrâ* by some authority that could not be challenged. "This is Theosophy. That is not Theosophy. You must believe this. You must not dare to question that." And often, as though to add insult to injury, such a dogmatist will lay down his dogma on the authority of some writer who would be the last to claim infallibility for himself, and then glares at the bold wight who does not at once bow down. Just now, Mr. Leadbeater and myself are the chief sufferers from this vicarious self-assertion, and we are dragged out as bars to all further discussion, and are transformed, much to our disgust, into what H. P. B. jeeringly dubbed "little tin gods upon wheels." As one of the sufferers, and I am sure on behalf of us both, I take up my parable on this well-worn theme.

It might be enough to say that by the constitution of the Theosophical Society every kind of dogmatism is eschewed, and that its objects are such as by their very nature preclude the assertion of the reception of any teachings as obligatory on its members. But while this might be sufficient for loyal members, who rightly see in any attempt to impose intellectual chains a treason against the Society, I would fain look deeper into the subject, so that those who are inclined to wear these fetters, or to twist them round the limbs of others, may also see with us the error of such ways.

Let us take first the least important argument—the imperfect nature of human knowledge. Even when we have secured some facts of which we are sure, some elements of error always remain in our statement of the facts. First comes the personal equation, the bias given to our perceptive abilities by our physical and mental peculiarities, and our preconceived ideas. This bias is far more serious in superphysical observations than even in physical, and a careful superphysical observer invariably discounts his observations, and warns his readers and hearers of this likelihood of mal-observation. How absurd, then, is it for other people, who cannot even check his observations, to try to force them down other people's throats, with a certainty as to their complete accuracy which the original observer disclaims!

If this personal bias be partially eliminated by strenuous effort, there remains, as distorting and miscolouring the fact, our far-reaching ignorance of other facts in relation to it. The facts we know are out of proportion, because of the immensely larger number of facts which we do not know, and which are yet in relation to them. Take a piece of paper and cut a number of small holes in it and place it over a picture, so that all you can see of the picture will be the stray scraps visible through the holes. That is the way in which the best of us students see the universe. How a person who knew the whole picture might good-naturedly laugh at the theories of the people who only saw it through the holes, and who took a bit of a cheek for a bit of an arm, and a horse's eye for a human, and a scrap of a blue dress for the sky. Perhaps only those who have caught sight of a fact that illuminates a large field of previously known facts are aware of the amount of re-arrangement, how much enlarging of one fact and lessening of another, how much change of colour, and shape, are the result of such an illumination. And then they become humble about their knowledge, as much humbler, perhaps, than they were before, as Sir Isaac Newton was humbler than the top boy in a Board School.

The next consideration is that man's power of knowing truth depends on the unfolding of his inner capacities, and not on his acquiring of a mass of facts learned by hearsay and repeated by rote. This is a matter of supreme importance, for it is

a question of human evolution. The intelligence aspect of the divine Self which is now unfolding as man, is that by which he knows the external world, and on this unfolding depends his evolution. It is the Self turned outwards to reflect the Not-Self. This process is quickened by every effort made to understand, but it is not quickened by repeating statements that are not understood. Study is only fruitful as the intelligence wrestles with the statements to which it is applied, and by that wrestling developes its inherent capacities. The more strenuous the wrestling, the more rapid the development. The crime of the bigoted in every age is that they hinder this evolution by imposing dogmas which are to be accepted, and thus drug the intelligence into a state of coma in which none of its powers can unfold. The challenging of a statement, questioning, analysing, weighing, comparing—these are the processes by which the intelligence grows and its powers are unfolded. These processes are a necessary stage in its unfoldment, and come between the condition of instinct and blind groping and that of the open-eyed intuition of truth. The latter cannot be reached until the stage of struggle has been passed through.

One of the purposes of Theosophy is to aid man in this stage of his evolution; it makes certain statements which stimulate the intelligence, and these statements are not intended to be blindly accepted, but to be put through all the processes mentioned above, until the struggle with them has developed the power to know. We are concerned with the evolution of faculties, a far bigger task than the saying of creeds.

Take as an illustration the eye; this has not been evolved by listening to descriptions of the wonders of the universe, and by repeating statements about the greenness of grass, the blueness of the sky, the splendour of snow-clad mountains, the star-flecked depths of space. It has been developed by the struggle to see. The Self willed to see, and by the struggles to see through ages built for itself an organ whereby sight was possible. It would still be as blind as it was in a jelly-fish if the dogmatists had had their way, and it had sat repeating, "I believe in the grass, the sky, the mountains, the star-lit heavens," instead of struggling to see them. And it is the same with every faculty inherent in the

Self. The way is long and toilsome, rock-strewn and thorn-bespread. But, at the end, no descriptions by others are necessary; the eye sees that to which it is turned.

Thus slowly is unfolded that in us whose "nature is knowledge."

And this leads us to the most important consideration of all, that truth can only be known by the true, and that it needs only to be seen in order to be believed. We fancy that we learn truth by argument, by proof, by reasoning. Vain imagination! These are ways of eliminating error, they never show us truth. As already said, these develope faculty, they evolve the intelligence whose "nature is knowledge." But that evolved intelligence knows truth at sight, being of its own nature. As a note of music sounds out by sympathetic vibration, so is the relation between the intelligence and the universe it reflects. The pure intelligence vibrates in answer to a truth, and the assonance demonstrates the identity. "The face of truth is hidden by a golden veil," and when that veil is removed the face of truth and the intelligence that beholds it are seen as object and image. In the mirror of the universe the Self sees itself.

But this great consummation can only be delayed by the false assumption of accepting as true that which is unintelligible or repugnant to the reason. The reason may be seeing crooked, but the way to correct it is not by crushing it, but by developing it. The moment a truth is seen, it is accepted. It needs no argument, more than the shining of the sun in heaven. So long as it is not seen, no "credo" makes it any more visible.

Perfect freedom of thought, then, strenuous struggle to understand, honest avowal of non-belief or of suspension of judgment, these are the conditions of right thinking and of growth. He is the most deadly enemy of Theosophy who tries to impose his own crude ideas on others, and who shows that worst infidelity to truth of not believing in its own inherent power.

Some people imagine that what is called "hero-worship" is incompatible with freedom of thought, but this view seems to imply some confusion of ideas. Myself—though I know some of my colleagues disagree with me—I am a strong advocate of hero-worship, for it developes the emotions and thus increases

the motive power of the man. The power to admire great qualities shows that those qualities are germinating in the admirer, and the *nil admirari* spirit dwarfs the nature and hinders high achievement. The embodiment of an ideal in a person draws out the noble emotions of admiration, reverence, strenuous desire to reproduce, and such emotions are the parents of lofty deeds. Farther, by the law of the mind that a man becomes that on which he reflects, hero-worship makes heroes, and the reverent admiration of a noble character results in the reproduction of that character in oneself. But no one worthy to be the object of hero-worship will seek to impose his own ideas on those who look up to him. Rather will he warn them, if he sees that emotion is beclouding intelligence. For he will understand the due place of each in human evolution, and will seek to guide his youngers alike to right thought and right emotion.

Finally, let the true Theosophist remember to be tolerant even to the intolerant, since vice is not destroyed by vice, but by its opposite, virtue. Let him meet unreason with sweet reasonableness, and rash dogmatism with compassionate liberality. For in all alike the Self is evolving, and the manifestations that to our half-vision are evil are only uncompleted good.

ANNIE BESANT.

GIVE thou thyself to Me, My Hermes, for a little while, and thou shalt understand more easily how that God's work is one in order that all things may be—that are being made, or once have been, or that are going to be made. And *this* [*sci.* work] is, My belovèd, Life; this is the Beautiful; this is the Good; this, God.

From THE MIND'S DISCOURSE TO HERMES.

TWO GOSPELS

To those who endeavour to penetrate to the essential life which is within, beneath, and above all manifested phenomena, the variety, complexity, and also the apparently conflicting forms of its manifestation, present a rich field for investigation, as well as a never-failing theme for meditation. And in this field nowhere is there to be found a more interesting and profitable study than in the religious life, whether viewed in its outward and historic, or inward and spiritual phases. If we look into the great religions of the world, whether Brâhmanical or Buddhist, Christian or Mohammedan, we find a remarkable similarity in their outward developments, as well as identity and unity in that in them which is essential and spiritual. There is in them all the outer shell of historic development, of symbol, of ceremony, of outward acceptance and worship of historic gods, saviours and redeemers, as well as that deeper and inward Life which ensouls all, and which will eventually redeem and restore all to its own unity. It is of small consequence under what designation this glorious unity is known, whether as the Christ, the Buddha, as Kṛishṇa or Allah, since all issue from the Central Source, the One who is the All.

For the purpose I have in view, however, I must for the present confine myself to a few limited aspects of this great subject, and these, too, as they present themselves in the Christian faith and its development in our modern European civilisations.

Of the two Gospels I am about briefly to treat, the first is external, diverse, partial, limited; the second is primal, inward, unique, and universal. The one is time-born and temporary; the other has neither beginning nor end, being the Alpha and Omega. The first-named is historical, the latter beyond all time and sequence; and of them it may truly be said that "the elder (in manifestation) shall serve the younger"; for while the "elder"

grows old and passes away, the "younger," having the vigour of eternal youth and possessing immortality, will be the channel for the outflow of Divine Love through the ages of ages.

This duality of presentment finds expression in many directions, as, for instance, in the simple parable form of the teaching given to the multitude in contrast with that given to the inner circle of disciples. And when this rule is apparently set aside, as for instance in *John*, vi., the hearers are offended and forsake the Master. We have the same idea of duality in the Agape or common meal of the early disciples and the mystical sacrament of bread and wine; also in the physical baptism in water and the mystic Baptism of Spirit and Fire. It is only by gradual stages corresponding with the slow process of awakening of the divine life in the soul, that the mind and thought become sufficiently spiritualised to receive and profit by the essential spiritual teachings relating to the inner and mystical life of the spirit.

That historical Christianity as a scheme of human redemption has become decrepit, that so far as the best intellect of the age is concerned it has already lost its vitality, is, I think, beyond question. The transformation of thought in the religious world even within my own memory (over fifty years) is marvellous. But leaving aside a survey of the past, let us attempt a slight sketch of the broad outlines of the Gospel of a personal Saviour-Christ as now presented by the vast majority of sects within the Christian fold. For our purpose we may divide them into two main streams or tendencies. The first and most numerous body consists of those who lay chief stress on ecclesiastical formularies, on symbolism, and on a so-called divinely ordained priesthood. This is composed of the Catholic, the Greek, and the majority of the Anglican Churches. The second great division may be classed together as consisting of the Evangelical Protestants of Great Britain, Germany, America, etc. However widely these two great streams of tendency within Christendom may differ from each other, they all agree in claiming a personal and historic Saviour, who lived and died in Judea about 1900 years ago, as the foundation of their faith. His literally shed blood and the merit of his righteousness constitute the foundation of their faith, their hope of eternal salvation, and of participation

in the heavenly glory of the life to come. That all these Christian sects contain multitudes of sincere, devout, and devoted believers in this external Gospel, is beyond question.

Let us, however, leave them a moment, and direct our attention to the remarkable development of unbelief in their Gospel which has obtained during the past fifty years (with an ever-increasing momentum) within the various Churches themselves. Of this alarming defection they are themselves quite cognisant; it applies about equally to the Catholic, the Greek, and the Protestant Churches; and all, each in their own way, are beating about in many directions to find and apply a remedy for this loss of faith among the most intelligent of their former adherents. To give only one instance from the statistics of the Evangelical Churches: it is stated that of the children who are trained in their Sunday Schools, they retain only 15 per cent. as adherents, the remaining 85 per cent. breaking their connection with the Churches of their youth. In this general condition of present-day Christianity we have unquestionable proof that the Gospel which is based on the work and sufferings of an historic Christ no longer suffices to meet the spiritual needs and aspirations of those who constitute the majority of the European peoples; that, among other causes, the more rapid evolution of intellect has during the past few decades rendered obsolete for many that form of Christianity which bases its faith and hope upon a personal and historic Saviour. We venture to repeat that it is deeply significant that the majority of intellectual, of refined and cultured men and women of to-day, who have been born and reared in Christian lands, are unable any longer to accept as a Divine message the "good news" of salvation and forgiveness of transgression by a personal Saviour, who is historically known as Jesus of Nazareth. The great want of the age, for which men are often unconsciously seeking, is a Gospel at once larger, deeper, purer, sweeter and more spiritual than the outworn tale of redemption by the blood of a Divine victim, in its literal and historic sense.

Let us now direct our attention for a moment to the "Eternal Gospel," the Gospel for the coming age. Need I say that it must be a message that can satisfy both intellect and heart, that shall bear the impress of truth, be its own evidence, and be also

entirely independent of priest, of bible, or external personal saviour, in the ordinary acceptation of the position assigned to these great helpers of humanity on its upward way to the bosom of God. In order to present this unique Gospel in as concise terms as possible, we will take some of the utterances of a few of the teachers of this Divine truth.

An old writer thus tersely contrasts the two Gospels under consideration: "The godless seeks for God outside of his own self, and the Christless sectarians seek for a personal Christ in history; but the man of God and the true Christian know God and Christ within their own soul. We truly believe in a personal and historical Christ; but only after Christ has become personal in a man will he realise the true nature and vocation of Jesus, the Son of God."

Boehme is still more emphatic; he writes: "Unless man be redeemed by the awakening of spirituality within himself, he will end in the awakening within him the 'fiery foundation,' the principle of evil, 'the devil.' Instead of the Christ, Lucifer will be revealed in him." The terms used are not to be taken in a personal sense; by the "devil" is intended a perverted will, and by "Lucifer" the spiritual powers of the soul fallen into darkness.

Nowhere is there to be found a safer guide to the "Everlasting Gospel" than in the invaluable little treatise, *Light on the Path*. We are therein told to "seek out the way"; to "seek the way by retreating within"; and to "seek the way by advancing boldly without." And further on we are advised to "seek it not by any one road. To each temperament there is one road which seems the most desirable . . . . The whole nature of man must be used by the one who desires to enter the way. Each man is to himself absolutely the Way, the Truth, and the Life." Therefore we are to "seek it by plunging into the mysterious and glorious depths of our own inmost being"; and to "seek it by study of the laws of being, the laws of nature, the laws of the supernatural"; and yet again to "seek it by making the profound obeisance of the soul to the dim star that burns within." In the entire compass of mystic literature I do not know of a more concise statement, of a more impressive presentment of spiritual truth; of more helpful advice to the weary and

forlorn one, who, unsatisfied with the husks of a materialistic Christianity, is longing for the Water of Life, and is seeking the Way of Salvation.

To grasp, to understand, and to accept the truth of the one sentence: "Each man is to himself the Way, the Truth, and the Life," is to receive the glad message of the holy Gospel we are so feebly endeavouring to point out; and when once this position is reached there can be no more going back to the weak and superficial rudiments of ecclesiastical faith. The peace, the rest, the joy and satisfaction which flow from the acceptance of this, the only solution of the mystery of life and being, must be experienced to be understood and appreciated. "If the truth make you free, then are ye free indeed"; manhood and godhood become reciprocal ideas, and the vistas of spiritual progress are seen to be illimitable.

Both the Buddha and Jesus taught that to enter the Path to Nirvâṇa or to Eternal Life the necessary preliminaries were: poverty, chastity, contemplation or inner prayer, contempt for wealth and the illusive joys of the world. "Enter on this Path and put an end to sorrow," the Buddha is reported to have said. "Enter ye at the strait gate; for strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth unto Life, and few there be that find it." And again: "If any man will be my disciple, let him take up his cross and follow me," said Jesus.

We therefore see from the sacred utterances of these great teachers that, though this "pearl of great price" is so near us, is indeed our very Self, yet like everything truly valuable and precious, it has its price, which must be paid to the uttermost farthing, ere it can be consciously possessed. As in the parable, the selling all we have is the condition of entrance on the search for it. In truth, the willing disposal of the unprofitable lumber of the sense-life in itself constitutes the finding.

Therefore we conclude that, when the superficial and unsatisfying nature of a Gospel of externalities having no vital relation to the soul is apprehended, when the Mâyâ of the world in which the senses seek satisfaction is at last found to be, with its outward attractiveness and beauty, but as apples of Sodom, then will the soul be prepared to hear the Master's call to "forsake

all and follow Him in the regeneration"; to enter into its own possessions, and accept the glad tidings of that Eternal Life which was bestowed on us "before the founding of the world," thus finding our Unity in God, the Supreme Bliss and the Supreme Light.

W. A. MAYERS.

THE MUSICAL SYSTEM OF PYTHAGORAS

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

The Merchant of Venice, V. i.

IN dealing with the teachings of Pythagoras on any subject, one is much handicapped by the lack of reliable and precise information. After the manner of many other great teachers he himself committed nothing to writing. The bulk of such information as we possess appears to have been derived through Philolaus, one of his disciples; and as this teaching was given to Philolaus under the vow of secrecy, we cannot form a very high opinion of the trustworthiness of the breaker of such a vow. Still, sufficient details have come down to us to make it clear that the great sage who exercised so profound an influence upon Plato and other philosophers, had evolved a system of thought, as well as a method of life, calculated to expand the nature and consciousness of his disciples to the fullest possible extent.

It is not the purpose of the writer to touch upon the teachings of Pythagoras with regard to numbers. For a few illuminative suggestions on this extremely difficult topic the reader may be referred to the remarks on Pythagoras in G. R. S. Mead's

Orpheus. But the subject of music is one of equal importance in the scheme of the great Samian philosopher, and it may be of interest to have before us some idea of the part played in it by the divine art.

In the daily practice of the school of Pythagoras we learn that the first exercise in the morning was that of music, as it was the last in the evening. Iamblichus says:

"In the evening, when his disciples were retiring to sleep, he liberated them by the appropriate medicine of melody from the day's disturbances, and purified their intellective power from the influxive and effluxive waves of a corporeal nature; rendered their sleep quiet, and their dreams pleasing and prophetic."

Pythagoras believed firmly in the effect of music upon the inner nature. He held that such passions as anger and desire could be soothed by melodies of a certain kind, and that the systematic use of them by a group of students tended to establish order, harmony and purity in that group. A well-tuned lyre was to him the symbol of a harmonious and well-directed life. For he believed that the soul, before it is incarnated in the body, is full of perfect harmony; and its work in that body consists in tuning it to a similar perfection of harmony with itself.*

Pythagoras is usually credited with the completion of the scale of the lyre. Before his time it appears to have possessed seven strings; he added an eighth, completing the octave. His principal musical discovery, however, was that of the ratios between musical sounds of different pitch. By experimenting on a string stretched on a sounding-board with a moveable bridge, he determined the proportionate length of string required to produce sounds which formed a definite harmonic interval with each other. Those whose ratios were the simplest he called perfect concords or "symphonies." Of these there were five: the Fourth, Fifth, Octave, Twelfth and Fifteenth.

Let C represent the middle C on the pianoforte, C^1 the octave above, C^2 the octave above that. We may then represent the above "symphonies" and their ratios as follows, bearing in mind that the ratios simply indicate the proportionate length of

* Rousseau's *Musical Dictionary*, Art. "Pythagoras.

the strings producing the given notes, where the tension, thickness of string, etc., are equal :

Diatessaron, or Fourth	C to F	Ratio	4 : 3
Diapente, or Fifth	C to G	,,	3 : 2
Diapason, or Octave	C to C^1	,,	2 : 1
Diapason diapente, or Twelfth	C to G^1	,,	3 : 1
Disdiapason, or Fifteenth	C to C^2	,,	4 : 1

We can now understand what Taylor means when he says that " the tetractys was honoured by the Pythagoreans because all symphonies are found to exist within it " ; in other words, the ratios of all the perfect intervals are comprised within the figures 1, 2, 3, 4.

Thus, with the Pythagoreans, the intervals of the Third and Sixth (*e.g.*, C, E, or E, C) were accounted imperfect or discordant. To our modern ears these are, however, the most pleasing of concords, whereas the Fifth and Fourth, sounded alone, are somewhat bare and harsh. It would seem that Pythagoras, in theory at any rate, approached music mainly from the mathematical side. If a pair of notes, sounded together, bore one of the ratios given in the above table, it was judged to be a perfect interval, whether agreeable to the ear or not; if the combination had a different ratio, such as 6 : 5 (a minor third, A, C), it was held to be a discord, however pleasing it might sound. For, as we read in Hawkins' *History of Music*, the Pythagoreans called themselves " Canonics," and distinguished themselves from " Musicians " in that they regulated concords by proportional ratios, whereas musicians regulated them by ear.

We come now to the principal musical theory of Pythagoras that has survived—that of the " music of the spheres "—a conception so grand and beautiful that it has pervaded poetry up to the present time ; a conception that so touches our deepest nature that we feel it must be a shadowing forth of some eternal reality which eludes our physical senses.

Let us consider it first in its purely exoteric form as it has been imperfectly handed down to us. The seven planets, of varying magnitude, moving in their courses with varying velocity, are said to give forth each a sound, corresponding with the

seven notes of the scale; the Zodiac or Inerratic Sphere forming the eighth, or octave. The writers on the subject seem to have been content to leave the statement in this form, though when it is examined it is found that there is no correspondence to the ordinary Greek scale at all. The matter is, however, in the opinion of the present writer, capable of a little further elucidation.

At the heart of our solar system the Pythagoreans placed the "central fire"—not the Sun. Around this central fire the Earth revolved, then the Moon, Mercury, Venus, the Sun, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, in order. As regards the "intervals" assigned by Pythagoras to the spaces between these planets, we have two different statements from ancient writers. Censorinus gives them as follows:

Earth to Moon	1 tone
Moon to Mercury	½ ,,
Mercury to Venus	½ ,,
Venus to Sun	1½ ,,
Sun to Mars	1 ,,
Mars to Jupiter	½ ,,
Jupiter to Saturn	½ ,,
Saturn to the Zodiac	½ ,,

These intervals, added together, give six tones, the perfect diapason or octave. Pliny, however, gives 1½ tones from Saturn to the Zodiac, making a total of seven tones in all.*

Neither of these systems of ratios, however, corresponds at all with the distances as given by modern astronomy, nor does the writer see how in any sense they can be reconciled with it. But it is quite possible that Pythagoras, in the original teaching, was speaking of something altogether different from planetary distances. For instance, he may have been alluding to rates of vibration of the "spheres of influence," which are said to affect the elemental essence each in its own particular way; the planets themselves standing, we are told, as signs or indicators of the

* In the intervals given in *The Secret Doctrine* (ii. 635) there appears to be an error. It is there stated that the space from Saturn to the Zodiac is "a tone, thus making 7 tones, the diapason harmony." But the total of the numbers given is 6½, not 7; besides which the diapason harmony contains only 6 tones.

position of these spheres. In other words, the ratios represented by tones and half-tones may correspond to ratios of vibration of different types of elemental essence. This is, of course, a mere conjecture.

But there is something to be said with regard to the musical correspondence; and the clearing up of this point may, perhaps, be a step, though a very small one, towards the elucidation of the whole scheme. For between writers on Pythagoras who have not understood music, and musical historians who have not cared about Pythagorean philosophy, the fairly obvious solution of the correspondence between the planets and the sounds of the scale seems to have escaped attention.

It will be necessary to consider briefly some of the forms of the ancient Greek scale. I shall endeavour to do this in as untechnical language as possible, so that non-musical readers may be able to follow it. It will always be easy to get someone acquainted with the rudiments of music to illustrate at the piano the few examples given.

All the Greek scales were built from the tetrachord, or group of four successive notes. The tetrachord usually began with the interval of a semi-tone (the smallest interval on the piano, *e.g.*, BC, or AB♭), the remaining intervals being tones (a tone is equal to two semitones). Thus one of the oldest scales, the Dorian,* consisted of the following eight notes, which together form two such tetrachords (the slurs indicate the semitones).

$$\widehat{\text{EFGA}},\ \widehat{\text{BCDE}}$$

In G. R. S. Mead's *Orpheus* we read that the Pythagoreans regarded the tetrachord as typical of the four elements; and also that it was used for certain magical purposes.

Now the arrangement of the seven-stringed lyre of Terpander, a predecessor of Pythagoras, had its scale arranged as follows: the two tetrachords of which it was built up being supposed to have a note in common; and the second tetrachord being of a different nature to the first:

* This must not be confused with the much later ecclesiastical Dorian mode, which consisted of the notes DEFG, ABCD; known to the Greeks as the Phrygian mode.

EFGA, ACDE

which, for all practical purposes, in the seven-stringed lyre itself becomes

EFGACDE*

Of these notes the first (E) was called the *hypate* or keynote, the fourth (A) the *mese*, answering practically to our *dominant*, in that it ranked next in importance to the keynote. The omitted note, B, was supplied at a later date, probably by Pythagoras himself.

The scales already spoken of are diatonic (a term which for our present purpose we may take roughly to signify that they only contain sounds that may be played on the white keys of the piano). But the Greeks had also a chromatic scale (white and black notes), but differing from our modern chromatic scale. It was formed from the tetrachords of the diatonic scale in several ways, but invariably the third note of each tetrachord was raised a semitone to form a new note. Let us apply this to the two tetrachords of the lyre of Terpander. The first is EFGA; raising the third note a semitone we get EF♯GA. Applying the same process to the second tetrachord, ACDE, we get AC♯DE. Putting the two together, with the common note A in the middle, we have the following:

EF♯GAC♯DE

The order of intervals being (in tones) ½, ½, ½, 1, 1½, ½, ½, 1. Referring to the table of planets already given, we find that these are exactly the same as the ratios given by Censorinus, but reversed, that is, reckoning from the Zodiac inwards to the Earth. When we further read (as in Hawkins' *History of Music*) that Saturn was said to move in the Dorian mode, we have another reason for reckoning inwards, for EF, the semitone, is the first and characteristic interval of the Dorian scale, as already shown. In addition, Hawkins himself says that most of the Pythagoreans counted the intervals from without inwards, though some counted the reverse way.

If we adopt this reverse method, *i.e.*, from within outwards,

* Naumann's *History of Music*, i. 138.

it works in very well with the intervals according to Pliny, who, as already said, gives 1½ tones from Saturn to the zodiac. For the commonest form of chromatic tetrachord consisted of two semitones and an interval of 1½ tones, *e.g.*:

$$\widehat{\text{BCC}\sharp}\text{E} \text{ or } \widehat{\text{EFF}\sharp}\text{A}^*$$

Now two tetrachords with a note in common like the above were expanded to the octave or diapason by raising the second one a tone. Also before the first tetrachord, Naumann tells us, there was an added tone (*Hist. Mus.*, i. 133). Putting all these together in order we have

$$\text{A, } \widehat{\text{BCC}\sharp}\text{E, } \widehat{\text{F}\sharp\text{GG}\sharp}\text{B}$$

and the intervals are 1, ½, ½, 1½, 1, ½, ½, 1½,—precisely as given by Pliny.

It will be noticed in both these systems that the middle note or *mese*, the next in importance to the keynote, corresponds with the Sun. Which of the two is the more correct according to the original teaching it is difficult to say; but having in view the idea of the planets moving in diapason harmony, one inclines to the former, in which the total of the intervals is equal to the diapason or octave. At any rate, it seems to be fairly clear to the writer that in arranging his correspondences Pythagoras had in view the chromatic scale, and not the diatonic as generally supposed.

But all this does not bring us much nearer to understanding what Pythagoras meant by the "harmony of the spheres." It is certain that he did *not* mean that each of the planets produced one of the above notes, and that the total result was harmony; for such a combination would produce nothing but the most hideous discord. But it would appear, at any rate, that when rapt in contemplation he heard with the inward ear a divine symphony which he endeavoured faintly to symbolise in terms of the very imperfect musical system of that period. Had he possessed the wonderfully diverse resources of our present musical art, he might have left behind him a very different material expression of the music of the spheres. But, perhaps, we have

* Hawkins, i. 97.

had something of the kind done for us already. What do some of those great symphonies of Beethoven portend, with their cosmic whirl and gigantic sweep of irresistible forces? Schopenhauer held that the creative musician occupies a place above the artist and poet because he deals with abstract ideas rather than their material forms; and that the human will, which is in its ultimate basis one with the divine, can thus produce an archetypal world of its own. In short, he recognises "in music itself an Idea of the world, since whosoever could completely elucidate music, or rather, translate it into rational concepts, would at the same time have produced a philosophy explaining the world."*

Doubtless Pythagoras, too, thought that if the great cosmic order that was open to his inner vision could be expressed at all, it would have to be done in terms of music. Those amongst us who have the open vision and the open ear will no doubt be able to sense something of what that radiant and wonderful soul saw and heard when away from the body. The great waves of the heaven plane are no doubt intimately connected with the subject, and the following beautiful description of them by C. W. Leadbeater is very suggestive.

"They cause no change of colour, no assumption of form, but flow with resistless regularity through all the matter of the plane, outwards and in again, like the exhalations and inhalations of some great breath beyond our ken.

"There are several sets of these, clearly distinguishable from one another by volume and by period of vibration, and grander than them all sweeps one great wave which seems the very heart-beat of the system— a wave which, welling up from unknown centres on far higher planes, pours out its life through all our world, and then draws back in its tremendous tide to That from which it came. In one long undulating curve it comes, and the sound of it is like the murmur of the sea; and yet in it and through it all the while there echoes a mighty ringing chant of triumph—the very music of the spheres. The man who has once heard that glorious song of nature never quite loses it again; even here on this dreary physical plane of illusion he hears it always as a kind of undertone, keeping ever before his

* Wagner's *Essay on Beethoven*, p. 9.

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mind the strength and light and splendour of the real life above."*

The Pythagoreans held that we do not hear the music of the spheres, either because we have been accustomed to it from the first, and have never had an opportunity of contrasting it with stillness, or because the sound is so powerful as to exceed our capacities for hearing.† And surely this divine harmony is ever present with us, these great waves of life and light and music are ever pulsing through our souls and attuning them to more and more perfect concord. For whilst the universe is in manifestation these vibrations must stand as the symbols in space and time of that contrasting "stillness" of the Unchangeable One. That is the only silence with which it would be possible to compare this vast outflow of harmony. It has been said that an inspired musician might hear, on the mental plane, the whole of a sonata or symphony as a single glowing chord. Might not the very idea of the universe be a chord thus heard by the Logos Himself in what to us is the eternal silence of the Absolute,—a chord which He, the Maker of all music, translated into this beautiful cosmos of space and time? Too mighty indeed is that song for us to hear in its fulness, for we ourselves are mere notes in the symphony, and often all that we can hear is the clash of unresolved discord and the jarring of strings out of tune with one another. But the Master Musician is behind it all, and is fashioning it by His indomitable power, wisdom and love, into a diviner strain than that which was heard "when the morning stars sang together, and all the Sons of God shouted for joy."

H. Ernest Nichol, Mus. Bac.

* *The Devachanic Plane*, 1st ed., p. 16. See also pp. 62, 63.

† Smith's *Dict. of Greek and Roman Biography*, Art. "Pythagoras."

THE PRODIGAL SON

AND the disciples came and said unto him, Why speakest thou to them in parables? And he answered and said unto them, Because it is given unto you to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, but to them it is not given. For whosoever hath, to him shall be given, and he shall have more abundance; but whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken away even that he hath. Therefore speak I to them in parables; because they seeing see not; and hearing they hear not, neither do they understand.

ST. MATTHEW, xiii. 10-13.

THE best definition of the Divine Wisdom at which we are likely to arrive, is, in the writer's opinion, that it must be a synthesis of pure knowledge and pure love; and the reason is this, that in its most perfect manifestation it exercises a dual power, it draws the heart by love, and compels the intellect by knowledge. But the pure ray serene can only so manifest in all its fullness, when it illuminates the mind of one of the pure in heart, for it is they who see God.

The great Master of the West possessed such a translucent personality; and his wonderful parable of the Prodigal Son seems very clearly to demonstrate this dual power in action. For the younger souls the lovely human story was enough to illustrate the love of the All-Father; but for the elder ones as cosmic time counts age, those who were able to grasp the mystery, a profound esoteric meaning lay within the words. For them the greater abundance of the comprehension of the truth was added to the instinctive attraction exercised by the power of love.

There can be no question that this parable, drawn in its sublime simplicity from the universal experience of men, has led the hearts of myriads to the Divine by the power of love alone. For two thousand years its perfect pathos has remained unparalleled, its phrases have become part of the common speech of

Christendom; and welling as it does from the primeval heart, it rings as truly in the ears of modern men as when the people heard it gladly from the Master's lips. But now at last, so the writer thinks, the esoteric teaching gives a clue by which the inner sense may be divined. The interpretation and its reasons are here set down in positive terms for clearness' sake, but the conclusion is left to the judgment of the students of that mystic way whereby the consciousness evolves.

Under the symbolism of a single earth-life is set forth the soul's long pilgrimage through the cycles of necessity, and the several steps upon the way. Many, many lives we learn are spent over the early stages, while the Ego slowly grows by the experience gained through the struggle for existence of its personalities. The three worlds of action, instinct, and thought, together make the great school of experience; and the attention is concentrated on each in turn, through the corresponding vehicle of consciousness. The life of a disciple also, we learn, illustrates in brief this progression inwards, as the three worlds fail one after the other to attract and hold his attention. Then comes the stage of awakening, when the eyes of the Ego begin to see and his ears to hear; this is the entry of the hall of learning (1) through the gate of impersonality (2). For until the impersonal attitude can be taken and held, true knowledge, the perception of the things-that-are as they really are, cannot be gained. As long as the consciousness is identified with the personality, so long must all perception be coloured by personal likes, interests and prejudices; and consequently vitiated as far as truth is concerned. It is in this sense that the mind—the lower mind—is the awakener of illusion, the slayer of the real (3). Last of all, the steps on the Path of Initiation are themselves symbolically indicated.

The story is greatly heightened in effect by the contrast of the conduct of a less evolved Ego, whose consciousness is centred in his personality. For it will be shown that the elder son occupies this position in relation to the younger.

A certain man had two sons.

We are told that the initiate who leads the disciple through the knowledge he imparts to his spiritual or second birth, is called the Father or Master (4). We also learn that a Master

of Wisdom stands at the head ot a ray or stream of tendency along which a great class of Egos progresses (5). Little has been said on this subject, but it would seem that each Ego tends to make most easy use in his evolution of a certain plane and sub-plane of matter, and of the corresponding vehicle of consciousness, and that this plane and its analogous sub-planes above are the chief steps on the great ladder for him—those on which he remains longest, though all steps have to be trodden in turn. So a symphonic poem may be written in C minor or D major, and perfection be attained in either key, while all the notes of the octave are employed. Thus Egos follow in the footsteps of their predecessor, the Master who has gone before on the same ray, and are called his Sons; they may therefore be at very different stages of evolution, and still belong to the same Father.

The two Sons in the parable are in this case; the younger is the more evolved and goes the farthest, the elder is the more backward and remains behind. Why then are they called elder and younger? Why does the Master so often use phrases like "The last shall be first, and the first last," "The last shall be the greatest," "One shall be taken and the other left?" The esoteric teaching indicates the reason. The most advanced Egos, we are told, are the first class, who attained individualisation on the Moon Chain, and incarnated on Earth for the first time in the Atlantean race. The second class Egos, however, emerged from the animal kingdom on this Earth Chain (6); hence *from the Earth Chain point of view* they are the elder, since they have been incarnating here very much longer. Thus the Sons younger on earth are of greater cosmic age, and are consequently more advanced in evolution.

And the younger of them said to his father, Father give me the portion of goods that falleth to me. And he divided unto them his living.

The more evolved of the two Sons has attained some individual consciousness in the Ego itself; he actively wills to reincarnate and continue his evolution. The consciousness no longer fades out at the end of the devachanic period, but remains alight on the abstract impersonal plane. The portion that falleth to him is this power of abstract consciousness, the stock of in-

nate ideas he has accumulated by induction from the experiencse of past lives, together with those personal powers he has cultivated, which will re-manifest as talents and capacities when his new personality has developed. But the Elder Son, the second class Ego has not reached the impersonal consciousness, or entered the hall of learning; there is a blank between his devachanic consciousness and his Ego, for the bridge of manas which spans it is not built in his case. He truly is a "Son," but he is not "ready." Of such as these a Master is said to have written: "I am your Master, but you are not my disciples. Though not my disciples, yet you are my children. Learn of the nurses till you are ready for Me. The nurses are love and hate, fear and longing, struggle and despair, passion and desire" (7). All these, be it noted, are experiences gained through the personality, and till they have been lived through, and their lessons learned, the impersonal consciousness is not attainable.

First he wears out pleasure, then he wears out pain, till at last his eyes become incapable of tears (8).

And not many days after the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country and there wasted his substance with riotous living.

So the reincarnating Ego brings back all the powers he has evolved in his past lives, and comes into the far country of a new incarnation. Then he proceeds to waste his substance with riotous living. We all know the densely materialistic interpretation which tradition has set upon this phrase, but it probably means much more than that. Any course of conduct which wastes the substance of the physical tissues, and prematurely exhausts their energies; that is to say, *any form of excess whatever*, comes under the heading of riotous living. Asceticisms are just as much excesses as self-indulgences, they are the result of reaction, the swinging of the pendulum the reverse way. They tend, almost more than self-indulgences, to destroy the efficiency of the physical body as the organ of observation and action, of grave experience and experiment (9)—as witness the mediæval devotee brought down to a physical wreck by vigils, fastings and disciplines; with shattered health, and a nervous system reduced to a palpitating pulp, useless for thought, and a prey to dark

despair. St. Teresa was only too right when she bade such remember that they were ill (10).

Consider the devoted worker in the slums, broken down by a few years' excessive labour, and persistent neglect of proper exercise, meals, rest and recreation. It is simply riotous living; he would do far more in the end by practising reasonable moderation. The same rule applies to the ardent toilers in the laboratories, the schools, the museums, the churches and the hospitals; just as much as to the devotees of pleasure, or of money-making, or of getting on in any department of human activity whatever.

Further, in the case of actual "disciples," riotous living in this wide sense is observable in an extreme degree. Some riot on the physical plane, some on the plane of feeling, some on that of thought; or for that matter on all three together. Eminent examples are not to seek. Read the Life of H. P. Blavatsky. Could there be a more typical prodigal in every direction of space? And there are others also who have distinguished themselves; indeed anybody who *is* anybody goes the same way; genius of every kind riots rampantly till the stage of balance is attained, after lives of storm and stress, struggle and suffering. So pleasure is worn out.

But this stage of riotous living is chiefly worked through while the Ego is identifying itself with the physical world, and the physical body. Ambition, the desires of life and of comfort (11), have to be killed out by the experience of attainment with all its drawbacks. Of this stage it is written: "If thy soul smiles while bathing in the sunlight of thy life; if thy soul sings within her chrysalis of flesh and matter; if thy soul weeps within her castle of illusion; if thy soul struggles to break the silver thread that binds her to the Master; know, O disciple, thy soul is *of the earth*" (12).

And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land; and he began to be in want.

So inevitably must it be, all must be spent, every experience must be tried, every ambition realised. Position, power, wealth, responsibility, influence, all that men desire and struggle for, must be grasped before it can be found wanting. No amount of preaching can deposit in the consciousness those impressions

which evermore will cause it to realise that these things of sense are void of satisfaction. Experience alone can do it; thus it is said before you can attain knowledge you must have passed through all places, foul and clean alike (13). When these experiences have been lived through, then comes the time of famine, the eternal want that nothing material can gratify. As the lives go by, fewer and fewer physical things remain which can attract the Ego, he has had them all before, and recognises their hollowness at sight. His attention withdraws then from the physical world, and centres itself in the astral, the world of instinctive emotion. The love of people takes the place of the love of things; the craving for personal love, affection for family and friends fill the consciousness. But now death and estrangement teach the same hard lessons as the failure of the satisfactions of the physical world. Disappointment, disillusionment, drive the consciousness again inwards in search of peace. The Ego, heartbroken with the sorrows of life, strives more and more to find their causes, to distinguish their details, and to remedy them. And he begins to live less with passions and emotions, and more with ideas and acute perceptions. So he wears out pain. Of this stage it is written, "When to the world's turmoil thy budding soul lends ear; when to the roaring voice of the great illusion thy soul responds; when frightened at the sight of the hot tears of pain, when deafened by the cries of distress, thy soul *withdraws like the shy turtle beneath the carapace of selfhood*, learn, O disciple, of her silent God thy soul is an unworthy shrine" (14).

And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country, and he sent him into his fields to feed swine. And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat. And no man gave unto him.

The citizen of the country is the personality with which the Ego identifies himself. He has attained to the power of acute perception, and clearly appreciates the differences between himself and others. With this critical vision of things at their personal value to him, he is thrown into the fields of experience, among the less evolved who cannot see so clearly, whose souls are in profound gloom (15). They, like the swine rooting among the husks, are immersed in the struggle for existence, getting on,

making money, fighting for causes, improving their neighbours' morals, and generally minding other people's business. Playing with the details, the outer husks of things, which, by their number and variety, mask the great principles on which the universe is built. But the prodigal who sees has ever the deep craving to realise the truth; and he can only try in vain to satisfy himself with the games the others play, the thoughts they think, and the ideas of happiness which they pursue. He may try to pass the time by flitting from flower to flower as they bloom in illusive loveliness in the magic garden of civilisation; art, science, literature, poetry, music, society with its sparkle and wit, all are tried and fail to satisfy. He is alone, no man can give unto him, all is vanity and vexation of spirit, nothing under the sun is new. Nothing he can do can reach the ideal perfection, and all save that is worthless. Philosophies are barren of content; conventional religion and orthodox science are seen to be but human thought; one full of fallacies, the other full of fissures. So he learns that to work, or feel, or think, for self is to work for disappointment. Of this stage we read: "When waxing stronger thy soul glides forth from her secure retreat, and breaking loose from the protecting shrine extends her silver thread and rushes onward; when *beholding her image on the waves of space* she whispers, '*this is I*'—declare, O disciple, that thy soul is caught in the webs of illusion" (16).

And when he came to himself he said: How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger?

Driven in upon himself he realises that nothing in the three worlds, as related to his personality, really matters. His thinking mind goes on in spite of all that happens; neither sorrow nor joy, nor love nor hate, can stop its working, or influence its perception of the truth, so he is driven to retreat to the "inner fortress whence the personal man can be viewed with impartiality" (17). He casts the same impartial eyes on other men, he weighs the dogmas of the priests, and the theories of the philosophers, and at last begins to hear a voice crying in the wilderness. Here and there it speaks, sometimes through the lips of a poet, sometimes by the mouth of saint or sage, and they all say the same

thing in different words. They all seem to have some knowledge, some fair seeds of truth, which for ever they are scattering abroad. It is the bread of wisdom of which the hired servants have enough and to spare. Now he has become deaf to the things of sense he has time to listen to that still small voice. The phrase "hired servants" is striking when we remember the saying, that on the inner walls of the lodges of initiation they write: "The labourer is worthy of his hire" (18). So the prodigal turns back at last to the old, old path. "'Tis very hard to leave the things we have grown used to" (19), said the Thrice-greatest Hermes, and we do not do so in truth, for when the time is ripe they turn away from us.

Of this stage we read: "The self of matter and the self ot spirit can never meet—one of the twain must disappear, there is no place for both" (20). And again, "Shun ignorance and also shun illusion. Avert thy face from world deceptions; mistrust thy senses, they are false. But within thy body—the shrine of thy sensations—*seek in the impersonal for the eternal man;* and having sought him out look inward; thou art enlightened" (21).

I will arise and go to my father and will say to him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son, make me as one of thy hired servants.

So at last he sees the error of his ways. He asks for nothing, for no powers of the personality nor for those things for which the ordinary man asks perpetually (22). He has had all these and come to the end of them. But the aspiration to understand as the poets and wise men do remains; to be one of those hired servants is still an object to be striven after. To such a one as this opportunity comes, for: "Those that ask shall have. Those that desire to read shall read. Those that desire to learn shall learn" (23). So he arises and turns his back upon the husks, and the swine, and the citizen, and the far country; all personal desires and likes and loves are let go for the sake of knowing the truth. He learns to force himself to hear both sides of all questions; to look for the good and true in other men, not for the evil and the false. It is the great battle that has to be fought over and over again; one prejudice after another has to be faced and destroyed. The dearest illusion, the most cherished

fad, that one cause which is the heart's desire, all these extreme opinions have to be corrected by looking for and realising the truth on which the opposite view is based. This renunciation of the personal self and its desires is not easy, but it is the only way by which the hall of learning can be entered. Of this stage we read: "Seek for him who is to give thee birth in the hall of Wisdom, the hall that lies beyond, wherein all shadows are unknown, and where the *light of truth* shines with unfading glory" (24).

And he arose and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off his father saw him and had compassion and ran and fell on his neck and kissed him.

So it is written: "When the disciple is ready the Master is ready also" (25). We are told that when one of the Great Ones was asked how he knew when one of the millions of men was ready, he said it was like one standing on a high mountain watching, and catching sight of a light appearing at a window in a distant valley. Another has written: "Know, O disciple, that those who have passed through the silence and felt its peace and retained its strength, they long that you shall pass through it also. Therefore, in the hall of learning, when he is capable of entering there, the disciple will always find his Master" (26). To go to the hall of learning is to enter the state in which learning becomes possible (27)—the impersonal, dispassionate state. The mind reaches an abstract principle, by induction from the facts into which that principle works out in the worlds of form. So long as the facts are observed from the personal point of view, so long are they coloured, distorted and inaccurate; therefore, the step of induction cannot be taken, and the principle behind cannot be grasped. When the mind is wrenched away from the personal point of view, and forced to face all experiences impartially, then, and then only, is the mental state attained in which real *knowledge* as distinguished from *personal opinion* becomes possible. But we understand that this state need not be continuous at first—the prodigal was seen when he was yet a great way off—indeed, the great effort can only be maintained after lives of practice. But the "kiss" of initiation must be given long before perfect impersonality is reached, whether the

way most preferred be that of knowledge or of love. Indeed, it stands to reason, that without the point of view conferred by initiation, such perfect attainment would be quite impossible.

And the son said unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son. But the father said to his servants, Bring forth the best robe and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet: And bring hither the fatted calf and kill it; and let us eat, and be merry: For this my son was dead and is alive again: he was lost and is found. And they began to be merry.

His repentance was no unreal thing, to be slurred over when the Father proved compassionate; no cringing fear of consequences, forgotten on forgiveness. It was a settled attitude of mind, based on experience, the only thing which can teach the Ego until the impersonal consciousness is reached. If mere telling could do it how advanced we should all be; but the personal illusion is not dispelled in that way, it has to be found out. So the Son owns up; having seen the light at last, he realises he has all along been sinning against it. So it becomes possible for him to take the first Initiation. The "best robe" is put upon him; his consciousness is raised into the buddhic sheath, the vehicle of understanding; the "Nirmânakâya's humble robe" (28) is perhaps the Buddhist phrase for this vehicle of consciousness. The "ring"—the ring of the Hierophant—marks the next great step perhaps. The "shoes" perchance the third, for we have read of the "walker of the sky" (29). The killing of the fatted calf, it is suggested may symbolise the last stage, that of the "Yogin whom all the Siddhis stand ready to serve" (30). Of such a one it is written, "He standeth now like a white pillar to the west, upon whose face the rising sun of thought eternal poureth forth its first most glorious waves" (31). The "dead" in mystic phrase are "those ignorant of the esoteric truths and Wisdom" (32).

Now his elder son was in the field; and as he came and drew nigh to the house he heard music and dancing. And he called one of the servants and asked what these things meant. And he said unto him, Thy brother is come; and thy father hath killed the fatted calf, because he hath received him safe and sound.

Being "in the field" is equivalent to being in incarnation. In the *Bhagavad Gîtâ* the field and the knower of the field are fully explained (33). "The house" is the "house not made with hands eternal in the heavens," another phrase for the "best robe" —the vehicle of understanding. It is only when an Ego is drawing near to the stage of discipleship that the "music and dancing" is perceived in the soul of another. When it is, then certainly "a servant" will be at hand to explain the reason. The Elder Son of the earth evolution, the second class Ego has been defined as the "deadly respectable man." This exactly expresses the Elder Son as described by himself; he was one of those just persons who need no repentance, to whom the Master referred in the parable of the lost sheep.

And he was angry and would not go in; therefore came his father out and entreated him. And he, answering, said to his father: Lo, these many years do I serve thee, neither transgressed I at any time thy commandment: and yet thou never gavest me a kid that I might make merry with my friends: But as soon as this thy son is come, which hath devoured thy living with harlots, thou hast killed for him the fatted calf.

He could not tear himself from his personality and so enter the hall of learning; the very fact of being angry must inevitably prevent even the attempt to do so. Anger, whether disguised as righteous, or noble, is based on the unreasoning instinct of the preservation of personal life, and only he who is prepared to lose his life can save it. To shut out the publicans and sinners in thought is, in reality, to shut the self in. He was not content to share the fatted calf with the others, he wanted a kid for himself and his friends. So each religionist claims for himself, as against all outsiders, the perception of the Truth; and strives to specialise in the Eternal Love; while not content with frowning on the rest of mankind, he makes the very worst of their errors and weaknesses. So the Elder Son will not even acknowledge his brother—but speaks of him as "this thy son," putting the most shameful construction possible on his actions. It is so fatally easy to exalt our sense of personal virtue by exaggerating the vices of others; indeed it is as easy as lying, and twice as dangerous; for we at least know when we lie, and recognise when

the lie comes home to roost. But a self-deception when covered by a virtuous seeming, is much more subtle, and thus far harder to eradicate.

And he said unto him, Son, thou art ever with me and all that I have is thine. It was meet that we should make merry and be glad; for this thy brother was dead and is alive again; and was lost and is found.

The gentleness of the Father's answer denotes the point of view of one who comprehends, and therefore pardons, all. The Elder Son looking from the personal and limited standpoint was relatively right; just as we are when we sit in judgment on our fellows, we are only taking our little foot-rule of personal morality, and trying to measure the universe. The antithesis between the two brothers is exactly that between the pharisee and the publican in the temple. The one giving thanks that he was not as other men are, the other smiting his breast and saying, "God have mercy upon me a sinner"; and of these we know which went to his "house" justified, rather than the other. The prodigal was the stronger and more evolved Ego, he was always moving on; first he arose and went to the far country, and survived his experiences there, then, when the time came, he arose again and came to his Father. He had to go out and dree his weird alone, sink or swim. The elder, also, in the future, would have to go through similar experiences, and so learn to use and control the self (34); to stand on his own feet, and to go straight, because he knew the pain of going crooked. "All that I have is thine," may mean that all the consciousness developed in that centre was confined to the personality, and so belonged to the Elder Son as a separated portion of the One Self. "Thou art with me always," may mean that this Ego was always looked after by the Father, and placed in suitable incarnations; just as we learn was done in ancient India when the four castes were filled by Egos in the corresponding stages of evolution.

The writer hopes that to some minds these reflections will justify the definition of the Wisdom on which he ventured at the beginning of this paper. To their consideration he leaves the question of the detailed correctness of this interpretation, for on these matters every man must think for himself. For truly, as the poet has written:

. . . . . knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men,
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.*

A. H. WARD.

BLACK MAGIC IN CEYLON

III.

EVERY little Sinhalese child wears the *araksa nool*, that is a charmed thread on which is suspended a small metal cylinder containing a *mantra* written on a slip of paper. This is an amulet against *taincama* (obsession).

Whilst walking in the cocoanut-woods in the vicinity of Mount Lavinia one day I heard the familiar chanting of a *kattadiya* and made for his direction. Close by was a *cadjan* hut occupied by a family belonging to the Karawao or fisher caste.

A *jeewama* ceremony was being held, the object being to charm and "endow with life" the *araksa nool*, to be worn by a "sky-clad" little fellow of between two and three years. The hour was noon—a *yama* time; the preliminary incantation was just begun. In his hand the devil-priest held the *kanya nool*, or virgin's thread; around him fixed in the ground were seven half cocoanut shells containing smouldering embers. At mention of each demon's name a handful of powdered sandal-wood, saffron, and *dummala* (inflammable resin) was thrown upon the embers, and a knot tied in the thread. A representation of the child,

* REFERENCES.

Light on the Path. (1) p. 28; (2) p. 30; (5) p. 77; (8) p. 39; (9) p. 10; (11 p. 3; (13) p. 21; (15) p. 24; (17) p. 27; (18) p. 75; (22) p. 25; (23) p. 11; (25) p. 28; (26) p. 25; (27) p. 28; (34) p. 27.

Voice of the Silence. (3) p. 14; (4) p. 21, note; (12) p. 15; (14) p. 16; (16) p. 16; (20) p. 27; (21) p. 44; (24) p. 21; (28) p. 52; (29) p. 24; (30) p. 13; (31) p. 90; (32) p. 62.

(6) *Transactions of the London Lodge.* "The Lunar Pitṛis."

(7) THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW, May, 1901, p. 212.

(10) *Life*, xi. 23.

(19) THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW, Jan., 1899, p. 441.

(33) *Bhagavad Gîtâ*, xiii. 1.

carefully drawn with a stile on a *haburn* leaf, was affixed to a cocoanut palm in such a way as to catch the fumes of the incense blown by the wind. Upon a temporarily erected altar of bamboos were offerings (*dolla*) of rice, curries, vegetables, king-cocoanuts, plantains, etc.—offerings to *dewatawo*, the lower gods, and to *dewo*, the gods.

This *jeewama*, having a beneficent object and purpose, the ceremony was much more simple and in no way dangerous, *silli*, *angam* and *hooniyan* charms being dispensed with, and the services of *pisacas* and *preteyas* (evil demons) not required. No god, I was informed, was actually present at this ceremony, the one to whose particular care the child was about to be confided being represented by his *distria*, a sort of simulacrum or projection from that god or genius in a higher sphere (*katagara*) on to the plane of *kâma loka*. A tangible image in shape of a cock was there to remind all that the god's *distria* was present and approved of the motive and intent. A circle had been drawn round a certain space termed *mandala*. At intervals fresh well-water coloured with saffron and perfumed with sandal and cinnamon was sprinkled over the food offerings; previously though I noticed that the *mantra kârayo*, as the officiating priest is more usually called on these occasions, held his hand, finger-tips downwards, over the water, as though to mesmerise it, meanwhile pronouncing a special *mantra*. It depends upon the time and trouble spent as to the duration of the *araksa nool's* strength and efficacy; those charms of which Brahmâ himself is author and dispenser alone retain their virtue for all time. Great care must be taken in reciting the *mantras* not to confuse, much less omit, a syllable or even a letter. Should this be done the whole rite must be gone over again under correction of a special code designated *siddhi chakkray*.

The Oriental has such invincible belief in charms that all calamities are thought to be the result of one kind or the other, good or evil. If the object be malicious an image of the intended victim is first subjected to *pas lo*, that is, pricked with nails composed of five different metals, it is then buried in some spot over which the intended victim is sure to pass; *panna-wanna* is the Sinhalese term for this. This is essential when *hooniyan* is

indulged in, and recalls the witchcraft of our Middle Ages. But to return to the incident mentioned above. The company assembled was small and select, comprising a native doctor, a priest of Capuism, or worship of the gods, and an astrologer who had previously cast the child's horoscope, a Buddhist priest and a soothsayer. The last made request to examine my palm. On this being granted he said: "This lady comes from a home where there is plenty of everything but happiness; her life is like a tempestuous sea." The soothsayer spoke the truth!

Frequently one sees a native wearing one of the cylinder amulets high up on the arm; it is called *yantra*. A cook of mine, whose thievish proclivities had caused me great annoyance, suddenly adopted this form of armour. Simultaneously I found scraps of ola-leaves with effigies bearing a distinct likeness to myself in most unimaginable places, under my pillow, 'twixt the saddle and my mare's back, in the lining of my *topee* (sun hat), etc. To crown all, and confirm my suspicions, tom-toms, the shrill shriek of the pipe, clash of cymbals, intoning of *mantras*, with occasional wild shrieks and savage yells of *yakkdura* (devil-dancers), made night hideous in or contiguous to our compound. Poor me! I was the intended victim. And I was, if raids on my personal belongings count! On mentioning each loss, great or small, the deep, calm, inscrutable eyes of the native never flinched. "Why I take lady's things?"—the reply always an interrogative. One never gets beyond this with such Sinhalese. You may spend time, strength, rhetoric in questioning, cross-questioning, moralising, exhorting, coaxing, entreating—all to no purpose; no European can "fix" the Sinhalese—our judges and magistrates know this. "European think himself very clever, think himself good Christian, when he die he go *lokanantarika narakaya* (the worst hell) all same." This is their summing up of us.

Now it was my misfortune to lose a pet dog under most cruel circumstances. He was shot—by mistake. I was beside myself with two emotions—anger and grief—and let everybody know it. Next morning I found just off the verandah at the junction of three paths a *pidayni tatu* or little altar, and, later on in the day when I took a walk, another, on the grave of my little

pet "Punch." During the night—a moonlight *poya*—I had heard tom-toms, etc., near by, but it was only on discovering these altars with their *dolla* that it dawned upon me that they concerned me and my trouble, or more particularly my wrath, for I considered it carelessness on the part of "Punch's" murderer. I made enquiries and this was the explanation. Firstly, the act itself—my dog being shot—was to the Buddhist especially an evil act, a case of *hooniyan;* also, they believed, somebody bearing me malice had had recourse to *pisacas* and malignant charms, the result being the murder of the dog. Through sympathy and affection the *hooniyan*, they believed, had extended to me, I was "possessed," a *taincama;* my manner, my appearance, proved this! Now, as an antidote and to restore me, the *bandena* and *dehena* charms had been resorted to. Their motive was good and I respected it, and when after my first grief and angry feeling was spent I looked quieter and better, they were satisfied it was the beneficial effects of their efforts to restore the poor "possessed Nana" (English lady)!

The *mantras* in such a *jeewama* as this number only twenty-three. Useless to go into particulars, it would only be a repetition of what I have already narrated. Only one fact may be mentioned; among the offerings were fragments of apparel worn by me, also combings of my hair taken from the toilet tidy, likewise an old collar of my little dog which I recollected my *appoo* (head servant) had specially requested, although it was so old that it was not worth five cents. And so it seems I have played the chief *rôle*, albeit unconsciously, in two *jeewamas*, the one evil in intent, the other good!

Every time a *jeewama* is held all the accessories employed are afterwards destroyed. At every *jeewama* King Wissamony is supposed to preside and dispense *wurrum*, that is, permission for good or evil.

Trees are never allowed to attain a great height near a Sinhalese dwelling, as they are believed to be the haunt of *malla yakseyo*, evil demons, on the look out for human prey, young girls in particular. A case of this kind will be related in my next paper.

CAROLINE CORNER-OHLMÜS.

THE DREAM GARDEN

THE sweet reek of the peat smoke blended with the perfume of honied heather and damp moss. It was early evening, the men were coming home from work, and the housewives of the little Exmoor village were preparing for them the evening meal. The soft indistinct cry of herded sheep mingled with the bubble of the Barle, winding towards the dark pool which tradition assigns as the bath of a mighty hunter of old. The green goyals were in shadow, the smooth outlines of the hills, with little milky white runnels flashing in baby waterfalls down their sides, were clear cut against the pale sky, where rode a wee moon, surrounded by tufts of cloud like rosy thistledown. A lichen-splashed, moss-'broidered, fern-grown stone bridge crossed the Barle; on it stood two men, chance acquaintances, on fishing bent, dwelling awhile beneath the thatched roof of the rose-covered, clematis-draped village inn.

One of these men was a country doctor on a holiday, an ardent fisherman and an amateur psychologist; the other was a novelist and playwright, less ardent as a sportsman, candidly owning, with some shame, that he chiefly desired a decent excuse for out-of-door loafing. These two men had met in the coffee room the night before, they met again on the bridge after a day's fishing, and, incredible as it may seem, they were not discussing the sport of the day.

"I suppose, now," said the doctor, who seldom met a celebrity, and had a constant yearning to know concerning other men's trades, "I suppose you often found your novels and plays on incidents which you know to be true—I mean actual facts which have come under your observation."

"Bless my soul, no!" said the playwright promptly.

"No! Now why?"

"If I did, people would say my characters behaved with

absurd inconsistency. Press and public would tell me I displayed a very lamentable lack of knowledge of life and human nature. No audience, no reader of fiction would tolerate on the stage or in a novel the things that happen in real life; they would be pronounced impossible. One must select. Real life—if life be real—is either too dull or too lurid for representation. People,"—the playwright gasped, and spake slowly as though he contemplated the whole vastness of human folly, and shuddered at it—"People will do *anything*."

"Yes. As we grow more civilised we grow more complex."

"Complexity leads more to theory than to action, I believe. Allow me a paradox. The complex are comparatively simple; at any rate up to a certain point of complexity they are to be reckoned upon. It is the more primitive person who surprises you. It is your sinner who takes your breath away by suddenly appearing as a god masquerading in devil's garments. It is your 'intellectual inferior,' whom you thought you knew within and without, who shows you you were an over-confident fool. I think that some of the less complex are closer to nature, and feel the play of great natural forces to which we others have ceased to respond."

"Do you think that? I have a good mind to place my reputation for sanity in your hands, by telling you the queerest story I'll wager you ever heard."

"Tell on," said the playwright. "We are none of us sane; the sanest is he who knows this."

As he spoke there sounded on the road which rounded the hill-side, the creak of a cart; it was drawn by a very old brown pony, a man walked at the head of the pony, his arm about its neck as though he loved it.

"Talk of the devil!" said the doctor. "Just look at this fellow when he comes near, will you? He lives away on Dartmoor, but in the early autumn he wanders through all the West, with fruit and honey-comb."

The playwright looked. He saw a very young man of some nineteen or twenty years He was of middle height and extraordinarily lean and lissome; he had a thin, mobile, clean-shaven face, light-grey eyes, and a thick mop of reddish curly

hair. Even as the globe of a lit lamp is chiefly seen as a medium for the light that shines through it, so his body was like a channel for some force within, that beat through it strongly. When he saw the doctor he gave a curious glittering smile showing very white teeth; he went to the back of the cart and took out a basket, it had in it little wooden squares containing honey-comb; he laid three squares on the stone-work at the doctor's side.

"Want me to pay for them, Simon Carhaze?" said the doctor.

The other laughed and shook his head; he went back to the pony, who rubbed his nose against him and nibbled lovingly at his coat; the pair moved slowly away.

"An elfish-looking lad," said the playwright. "He has the queerest face I ever saw; yet I don't know wherein its queerness lies, unless it is that it is a mere medium of expression, and what it does express I don't know. He looks 'an innocent,' by which I don't mean an idiot. By-the-by, there's a great deal of cynicism in the popular meaning of that phrase."

"He did not look like that when I first knew him; the very moulding of his face has changed. You call him a lad. The man's forty."

"What!"

"That's the hero of my queer story. When I knew him first he was a little older than he looks now. He was twenty-two, and he was a convict at a prison where I was then the doctor."

"Your story," said the playwright, "bids fair to be too improbable to be anything but the truth. Tell it me, I will not dramatise it."

"You couldn't, if you tried," said the doctor.

Then he told the story, as much of it as he knew; but I, who know it better than he, will tell it here, so that those who read it will learn more about the giver of honey-comb than the playwright ever learned. Not that I shall try to explain the matter, nor try to find cause and reason for that which came to pass. The purposes served by what happened to this Simon Carhaze are unknown to me, even as the causes in his past, which made so mysterious a thing possible for him, are unknown. It

may be that I miss the very link that might make clear the whole ; but by such a tale we can perceive very clearly that the causes of things lie beyond our ken, and all our judgments of men, and of the workings of those laws which our pious forefathers called "the mysterious ways of Providence" and the "will of God," are chiefly the babblings of babes in the twilight.

Only, bearing in mind the great purity of the father and daughter, whose lives made of a barren spot a garden of perfection where angels might walk unsoiled, I doubt not but that the marvel wrought was holy, too, and the powers which chose Simon Carhaze to succeed those who planted the dream-garden, were working in accordance with some secret law which made for righteousness, which judges men as they are and not as they seem, and makes the rain to fall and the sun to shine for all alike. Nor do I doubt that there be sacred places here on earth which cleanse the bodies and the souls of those who are ready to draw near to them. Doubtless, in some strange manner, Simon Carhaze did the work he was meant to do; though he went to and fro, unknowing, so far as I can judge, what that work was, nor that he did it at all. For there be some who work consciously both for good and evil, and other some who work with no knowledge of the thing they do ; through such, it may be, subtle forces play. But how it came to pass that he was what he was, I, who know not his past, cannot say. This is his story.

His mother took her own life when he was a year-old child ; she was his father's second wife, and for Simon, the child of this second marriage, his father felt an apparently causeless hatred. He shamefully neglected the child, giving him bare food and shelter, but neither tenderness nor education. When he died (the boy was then ten years old), he left him entirely dependent on his elder half-brother. If the father of Simon had been neglectful, the brother was actively cruel. His treatment of his father's son was so severe that the neighbours said, whatever the faults of the child, it was to be condemned. When the boy outgrew the age when hatred could show itself by blows, it took subtler, more dangerous forms. Simon Carhaze, owing partly to his harsh usage, loveless life and lack

of training, was passionate, ill-balanced, nervous, highly strung, and fearful. Quarrel followed quarrel between the brothers; at last the younger Carhaze stood in the dock, charged with the premeditated attempt to murder the elder, by whose death his father's fortune would accrue to him. The culprit professed no contrition ; he said that he sought not the money, but the man's life, because he hated him, and that, sooner or later, he would carry out his purpose. In spite of this he was recommended to mercy because of the notorious ill-usage of his brother, and the great provocation he had received. He was sentenced to a term of penal servitude.

In prison rage and excitement caused him to behave like a lunatic ; he was insubordinate and hysterical, and consequently greatly increased the severity of his treatment. When a year of his sentence was past, he was working in a gang at some distance from the prison ; there was a thick fog. Three convicts escaped under cover of it ; Carhaze was one of them, and it is here that the story begins. Two of the men were re-taken the next day, Carhaze was not re-captured for six months, and then he surrendered.

An English June is not always warm, especially on the moors when the mists sweep in ghost-like from the Western sea. When the mist was blown away by the dawn-wind of the second day, Simon Carhaze was lying dead-beat in the heather, stiff, wet, cold, and half starved. He lay concealed all day, and then, cramped, and sick with hunger and fatigue, he stole out in the half-dark of a summer night. He came to a narrow goyal where the heather ceased and woods began, woods through which ran a stream, and a narrow cart-track. It was an eery place; strange shivers of sound passed through it, and ghostly callings from the grey-green moors. Suddenly the woods ceased, and the stream widened into a black-brown peaty tarn, crystal-clear and fringed with bog-cotton and bog-myrtle. Girdled by hill and moor, by stream and wood, he saw a small house and a garden lying all alone in the stillness.

Not so still either was the spot, for he heard the beat of a horse's hoofs galloping in a green paddock, the flap of wings and the soft hoo-hoo of an owl, a faint, fragile tinkle of music, a

mere wraith of sound, and the low murmur of a flute-like, chanting voice. There was an orchard full of trees, silver-tipped by the rising moon, a cob-walled garden full of flowers and promise of much fruit, a smooth stretch of fine thyme-grown turf on which were ranged hive upon hive of bees, droning softly and sleepily within their hives—and amongst the hives, with wild rabbits skipping and feeding round her feet, a woman standing all alone, singing softly in time to the faint tinkle of the music. She was dressed in a loose gown of grey, over her hair was laid a little kerchief of black lace, tied beneath her chin; on her hand, with which she beat time, was a ring with a stone in it that changed colour. As she turned her head he saw her hair was snow-white. She was old, though lithe and upright still; her face was worn and lined, her skin fine and delicate, in colour like old ivory; her eyes were pure pale blue, full, clear, and yet misty, as though their clearness were veiled a little; they were the eyes of a wise child. The stream and a little bridge were between her and Carhaze.

Now to do the man justice he did not wish to hurt her; but he had the thought of frightening her, and forcing from her food, clothes, and money. Once a sinner went to a saint and wept over his sins and the evil-mindedness of his enemy who oppressed him. "My son," said the saint, "think no more of your sins, nor of your oppressions; but keep in mind your virtues, and those of your enemy, as they lie unseen and waiting for you in the Thought of God." Now Simon Carhaze was beginning habitually to think of himself as a criminal; and therefore things were rapidly becoming possible to him which were formerly impossible. He stepped on to the bridge so that she could see him and the clothes he wore, which stamped him as one to be despised and feared. She looked at him, but did not cease her song. The rabbits did not run away; they sat upon their haunches and looked at him too. He began to reflect that her composure must mean able-bodied men, dogs, and guns within the open door of the house. He changed his intention and threw himself upon her mercy, pleading piteously that he was hungry, ice-cold, foot-sore, ill.

Come in, then," she said quietly. He crossed the bridge,

the rabbits went on feeding, the music ceased; he felt a trickle as of cold water down his spine. She entered the house, and lit a little silver lamp. A peat fire burned on the open hearth; the floor was strewn with green rushes and bog-myrtle boughs, bitter-sweet when the feet pressed them. There were two doorways leading from the room, with white swaying curtains before them instead of doors. She threw peats on the fire and it blazed up. He sat before the blaze and began to warm his hands. She went to and fro and brought him food. While he ate she sat by the fire and hummed softly to herself. When he had finished he asked her to give him clothes.

"I am very sorry," she said seriously. "But you could not wear mine, could you?"

He suggested that if she had male relatives . . .

"No man has lived here since my father died in that room to the right. No man has been here since, till you came. I was twenty when he died. I am sixty now. All his clothes I gave to poor people."

"Are you here alone then?" said Carhaze.

"You would say so. No man is here, save you; no woman save myself. No one comes here unless the People of the Moor choose they shall come. My father built this house and planted this garden where they bade him; he gave it to me, charging me to live here, and never barter it for money. When I needed it no more, I was to give it away; he thought I should be shown the fit person for that gift, at the appointed hour. It is in my mind that it is to you I shall give it. But not yet."

Carhaze perceived she was mad.

"If you cannot give me clothes," he said, "you can perhaps give me money.

"I can do that," she replied. "See!" She opened a press, and took out a box, in it was money—gold—perhaps £50.

"I draw money once in two years from the Bank in Plymouth," she said. "And I keep it here till it is gone. How much should you like?"

"Will you give me five pounds?"

She counted it, then she threw it back.

"To-morrow," she said. "To-night you will stay here. You are very tired; I can see that."

A sudden terror seized him; it showed itself in an attempt to frighten her. He sprang up, and grasped the box on which her hand rested.

"Woman," he cried, "who are you? I thought you were mad; but if you live here alone, and control your money as you choose, you can't be a lunatic. Do you not see that I am an escaped convict? I may be a reprieved murderer, or a thief, or both. I tried to kill a man, and I shall kill him yet. You show me this money; you tell me you are alone here; you ask me to stay the night. Are you not afraid of me? If you are not afraid, why are you not so?"

The pity in her eyes might have touched him, but when he saw it blended with mirth he was afraid.

"My dear," she said, gravely and tenderly, but with a little humorous twang in her voice, and a smile at the start with which he heard the words, "You are much more afraid of me than I am of you."

He dropped on a chair and wiped his brow.

"That is true," he said, huskily. "I am afraid of the place. I think I'm going mad."

"Are you too much afraid to sleep here?"

He looked at her, growing whiter and more white. After a pause, he said: "No!"

She flung back the white curtain to the right; he saw a little moonlit room, with open windows, and the shadow of the honeysuckle flecking the floor. There was a bed in the room, and a case of sombre-looking ancient books. She put the box of money in the press and took out snow-white sheets of fine linen.

"These I spun myself," said she. She made up the bed; she went into the garden and came back with rose branches and sweetbriar boughs, with arms full of gilly-flowers and pinks, till the air was full of delicate perfume.

"No one has slept there since my father died," she said. "But the room is neither cold nor damp. There is your bed. Good-night."

She blew out the lamp, and pushed aside the left-hand curtain.

"You—you have left the house-door open," he faltered.

"Yes. Shall you be cold?"

"Do you not bolt your doors at night?"

"There are no bolts to draw in my house," she answered. "Nor, as you see, any entrance save one."

She dropped the curtain between them, and he heard from her room a fine faint music. His heart within him turned to water; he went into the moonlit perfumed chamber she had prepared for him, and lay down, shuddering. The music ceased; the silence grew; he thought a sudden shock of light, other than the moon-shimmer, swept through the house; the air grew so delicate and pure he could hardly breathe. He could not bear it; he leaped up, half sobbing, half cursing the place he feared; he thought he would steal the money and creep back to the moor. He drew near the press and stopped; he could not reach it; a strong gentle force pushed him back. He crept to the bed, shivering; and presently he fell asleep. When he woke it was broad day; the sun was shining, and the birds calling. He rose, the house was empty, the garden was empty save for the birds and the wheeling bees; the pony was not in the paddock. His heart stood still, he had been a fool, she was gone to betray him. Still, though he feared re-capture, he lingered. Presently he saw a little cart coming along the track; he hid in the bushes and watched; his hostess was in it, and when he saw her he came out, half ashamed of his suspicion.

"I went at daybreak to the town," she said. "I went to get you clothes. You asked for new clothes. It is an evil thing to refuse a guest. I hope these will fit you."

He murmured something concerning his gratitude.

"Take them," she said; and he took them. She looked at him.

"Poor boy," she said, "How tired you look; how worn and haggard and afraid. You should bathe in my stream here."

"May I unharness the pony for you?" he said meekly.

She nodded, and went into the house. He unharnessed the pony, then he went to the dark clear tarn and bathed as she had bidden him; that water was unlike any other; for awhile it seemed to wash away the darkness of evil memory. He put on

the clothes she had brought him, and he hid the others in the earth and forgot them. Then he went to the house; she met him on the threshold, and laid her ivory smooth hands on his shoulders.

"Do you wish to go?" she said. "Or will you stay?"

"Stay—for how long?"

"As long as you please—a day—a week—a life—no one brings you here, nor sends you away, but yourself. Should you like to stay?"

He gasped with longing; for the spell of the place had gripped him.

"I should be taken," he faltered. "It is near the—the—the prison."

"No one finds their way here," she answered serenely, "until they are meant to find it. You might work here in my garden from now till Doomsday and no one would see you, unless *they* meant you to be seen."

"Who—are—*they?*" he faltered.

"The People of the Moor," she answered. "There are hosts of them, great and small, wise and unwise, each one versed in things hidden from all men save those they love."

He was silent. Since he had bathed and changed the fashion of his garments he was not afraid; but he was beginning to be ashamed. When he spoke there were tears in his eyes; and he said:

"I cannot stay unless—I tell you."

"Tell, then," she answered, as a mother to her child. He knelt at her feet and told her many things he scarcely understood; he told such of his past as he knew; how he had hated his brother, and how, as by a miracle, that hate was dead for ever more; he told her how he had feared, how he had tried to rob her, how he had suspected her of betraying him. When he ceased, she stooped and kissed his forehead, and he knew he might stay. That night he saw a girdle of flickering flame ringing the house, the garden, and the tarn; and in the flame were strange forms and many voices chanting a portion of some great melody.

After this he dwelt quietly in the place, he helped the flowers and fruit to grow, and noted the cry of the birds; he set a pan

of milk nightly out o' doors for the lesser People of the Moor, took honey-comb at the appointed time, and learned how to deal with swarming bees. One day in the winter, when the frost bound all waters save the tarn, he found the woman who had bidden him stay, lying on the hearth; her heart beat a little, but very faintly, and her eyes were closed. He could not rouse her; he laid her on her bed, and stood beside her, shivering. He saw that if he did the thing he ought, he should leave the garden of dream and go back to the world where he should be punished for his sin; he should seek for her a doctor to tend her, and the nearest doctor was at the prison. Now the man was changed soul and body in the time he had spent in the garden; therefore his soul sickened and his body shuddered at the thought of returning to that from which he had escaped; to a world that, formerly harsh enough, would now, by means of his greater sensitiveness, be tenfold harder to bear. At last he stooped and kissed her softly on brow and eyes, then he went forth, sped to the prison and surrendered; praying that help might be sent to her. The doctor went to seek the place; the People of the Moor suffered him to find it, and in it he saw nothing extraordinary, save that the tarn was unfrozen, which he attributed to the bubbling of springs at the bottom.

The next day he saw the surrendered prisoner, who was very quiet, meek, and gentle of bearing; the doctor told him that the woman for whose sake he surrendered was well; she told the doctor that when she desired to do so she fell into trance; her soul parted from her body, went a-wandering at its pleasure. "She is subject to fits," said the doctor. "She is neurotic, and probably anæmic."

Carhaze, who realised that he had brought upon himself a needless pain, said nothing. The next morning he was found in his cell, stiff and pulseless, save for a faint fluttering of the heart; he was taken to the infirmary and there he lay during a day and a night. At the end of that time, just at dawn he shivered, opened his eyes, talked at random of things unknown to his watchers, and sat up, apparently quite well.

Soon afterwards two rumours spread among the warders; one, that Carhaze (he was a number, not a name, in the prison)

was insane; the other, that his cell was haunted. He was not only changed in manners but the fashion of his face was altered; it had a look of youth upon it, like one immortal, untouched by time; he was observed to look at and listen to sights and sounds unseen and unheard by others. When he was questioned by the doctor and the chaplain he would not answer with precision, though he was gentle and deferential to his questioners. In his cell there was oftentimes the scent of wild thyme, the perfume of roses, of white lilies, and lavender, of gilly-flowers, pinks, and honeysuckle, and the smell of honied heather. The drone of bees was there, the call of birds, the bubble of a stream, the murmur of soft voices, and the tinkle of faint music, like the wraith of sweetest sound.

Once when he fell, as at times he did, into what the doctor called "a cataleptic condition," a younger warder, a Highlander from the Lewis, saw a strange thing that made him treat his prisoner with deference and fear. For while Carhaze lay rigid and unconscious through a day and a night, ever the limit of his trance, this warder saw him coming across the purple moors—free—and with him was a man, round whom shone a light; this man wore a green mantle, clasped with gold, and a torque of gold about his neck; his feet were bare, and lighted the ground round about them; in his hand was a bough covered with blossoms like blackthorn; beside him was a woman, no longer young, but fair with the beauty of the old, save for her eyes, which held the secret of eternal youth. That is the secret that eludes men here on earth; for they see but its shadow in the eyes of those they love, and shadows are fleeting, cheating those who pursue them.

At last Simon Carhaze had endured the retribution of his deeds for the appointed time, and he was free in body, as he had in part learned to be in soul; for there are three lessons men learn in the Garden of Dream; one is to know, one to love, and one to be free, and these three, it is said, are one. In the dawning of the spring he went to the place guarded by the People of the Moor. On the bridge she who had lived there so long waited for and greeted him.

"It is known to you," she said, "that it is you who must live here when I am gone. Now I surrender to you what I had

of my father; to-morrow I shall go away. Keep the door unbolted, and the gold unguarded; you must never fear any who come here; I will tell you what till now I have not told. There is but one who can at any time come hither, and you must never be dismayed by the fashion of his garments. You must tend the flowers, and dig around the trees, and gather the honey; only take heed you do not sell this fruit, nor this honey, but give it freely to those who prize it."

Then she kissed him joyfully, and made to him a deed of gift of all she had, and placed the ring she wore on his finger; next morning he found her lying dead upon her bed, with pink and white petals from the blossoming fruit trees strewn about her.

Now this strange story is partly true and partly false. That which is false is like the glancing bubbles blown by a child at play; that is which truth is a twofold truth, the truth of waking and the truth of dreaming; wise folk say that truth is one and not to be divided; doubtless we shall see this when we pass beyond waking and beyond dreaming. The waking truth was told by the doctor to the playwright. It is a portion of the dream-truth which I have tried to tell here.

MICHAEL WOOD.

ATLANTIS

THAT such and so great an island formerly existed is recorded by some of the historians who have treated of the concerns of the outward sea. For they say that in their times there were seven islands situated in that sea which were sacred to Persephone, and three others of an immense magnitude, one of which was consecrated to Pluto, another to Ammon, and that which was situated between them to Poseidon. . . . . The inhabitants of this island preserved a tradition handed down from their ancestors, concerning the existence of the Atlantic island of a prodigious magnitude, which had really existed in those seas, and which during a long period of time, governed all the islands in the Atlantic ocean. Such is the relation of Marcellus in his Ethiopian history.—PROCLUS, *Com. in Timæum.*

THE ROOT OF RELIGION

THERE is a strong and growing opinion that if we are to discover the root of religion we must seek it in the emotions and not in the reason. Whatever truth there may be in this persuasion, it is certainly not the whole truth, unless by religion we mean simply "cult." As a matter of fact, however, there is no agreement as to the meaning of the term religion; philology will not help us, and the various religionists for the most part so define the essence of their faith that they seem to take the greatest delight in making it as different as possible from all other forms of faith.

We look for the true ideals of the chief forms of religion on this planet in the highest pronouncements of the greatest teachers of religion. We seek them in the Vidyâ of the Ṛishis, in the Dharma of the Buddha, in the Gospel, the Gnosis, of the Christ. Here we shall find, if anywhere, the root of religion in the best sense of the word; but if we seek to find the origin of the various cults in the Vidyâ or the Dharma or the Gnosis, we shall to a large extent be disappointed in our search. In these highest manifestations of religion we shall find what the religions *ought to be*, not what they are as cults. So then, even if we grant that the roots of cult are to be found for the most part in the emotion and not in the reason, we hesitate to make such an assertion about religion itself in its highest sense, for we are not so foolish as to beg the question by defining reason as an inferior something.

It is assumed that if religion were a question of reason, then a man could be argued into faith—but faith in what? Faith in some particular form of religion, is the answer such an assumption must have in mind. But reason shows that forms are impermanent, are only temporary vehicles, are non-essentials. Is reason then to be eliminated from religion, when by its means the life and light of greater things are allowed fuller manifesta-

tion? But it is said that reason can only remove error; it can give us no new light. To this we readily assent if it be allowed that the light is always shining, and that all we have to do is to remove the error that clouds the windows of the soul—head and heart, not head alone or heart alone. And if we cannot rightly say that reason gives new light, are we any nearer the truth in asserting that emotion gives new light. "Work out your own salvation . . for know that it is God working in you"—wrote Saul of Tarsus. The light is there; what we have to do is to purify ourselves.

We are not asserting that this or that is the whole truth of the matter; we are simply asking for a just appreciation of all the facts. To take one instance out of a number from the history of religion, let us turn to the faith of the Hermetic mystics two thousand years ago. For them the real immortal essence in us was the *logos*, the reason. This alone was worthy of the name of "man." It alone was worthy of deathlessness; it alone was the "light spark" from the Sun of Righteousness, the Light-source of our whole economy. Therefore the highest cult for them consisted in rational (*logic*) praises, and rational sacrifices. Was then the root of their religion to be sought for in the emotions alone? Is the energy of the reason to be confined to those things alone which we can prove to the satisfaction of all men as they are,—when the generality of us are such a mixture of irrationality that the spark burns very low within us?

Is it reasonable, think you, to force all men to hold the same form of faith, when this same reason of ours, in the Hermetic sense, tells us that religion is life, not form? Thus, when we meet with the argument that religion is not a matter of reason, for then it would be possible to convince men of the truth of some particular religion, we at once perceive the fallacy, and reason itself tells us that a form of religion has been confounded with the eternal idea—religion itself. No reason will ever convince us that some special form of religion is the *only* truth. All we can say is: I *like* this best, it suits me best at my present stage of evolution.

Now all of this is very old news to our readers; it is one of the essentials of Theosophic thought. The truth of religion, of

any religion, must consist in its ability to advance our evolution, to purify us if you will, to remove our ignorance if you prefer it, to save us from sin, if that pleases you better.

Religion for most of our readers is helpful for them only when it touches on the domain of Theosophy; that is to say, when it begins to cease to be a thing apart, shut off from science and philosophy. Theosophy for us begins only when the three are in conscious union. It is only when seated on this unshakeable tripod that the seer of wisdom can receive the divine afflatus. Our interest in religion is when it begins to blend with its consubstantial hypostases, not in it in its separation from them. Religion, philosophy or science, when separate, are imperfections "without the plerôma," they are inchoate abortional essences, impermanent, subject to decay and death. Religion apart is as the "abortion" of Gnostic tradition; its co-partners, "the Christ and Holy Spirit," must fashion it into perfection and supply it with wings to soar again into the Fullness, and this Christ and Holy Spirit are, in the case of religion, represented here below or "without" as the science and philosophy which we know; but "within" or "above" all three are co-emanations of the Wisdom. So too with science alone, or philosophy alone; apart they are abortions, united with their co-essences they are Divine perfections of light and life.

If then, the highest forms of prayer and praise, known to the Theosophic pupils of the schools of Thrice-greatest Hermes, were rational, the offerings of their reason, of the divine part in them, may we not say that the setting of reason over against emotion as a thing apart, is not a necessity, but a convenience, that reason and emotion may join hand in hand, that in brief there are rational emotions? The Logos of God, according to these lovers of Wisdom, manifests as Light and Life, and the logos of man is kin to Him, His son. Light and life are rational in this "man," reason and emotion, knowledge and love, the twin emanations of Wisdom.

From this lofty standpoint, then, the majority of men are irrational, they are the "dead," for the Christ has not yet begun to be consciously formed in their hearts, and therefore the majority of cults are irrational, and we may perhaps rightly seek

the roots of such religions in emotion alone; but even so it will be found very difficult to be sure of our values, for man is so complex, so strange a mixture, that it is impossible for any but a Master to see into the depths of his heart. In any case a thoughtful man will feel no great confidence in dogmatising about religion, and certainly will not be satisfied with hasty generalisations, or impatient declarations, which are interesting as the public confession of the writer about himself rather than a contribution to the science of religion.

If it be true that you cannot reason (not *argue*, which is a very different thing) a man into a belief (which I strongly doubt), you certainly can reason a man out of one, and not only so, but you can reason yourself out of it. Now most of the members of the Theosophical Society in the West have reasoned themselves out of the *forms* of religion they were taught in their childhood. They found them unsatisfactory, and looked for something wider and loftier, something more reasonable. This they found in those grand ideas and ideals which lie at the heart of all the great world-faiths, in that region of thought and aspiration where unity begins to overcome difference. To all such the record of the journey of a fellow traveller must be of interest, and such a record we have in Mr. H. Fielding's *The Hearts of Men* (London: Hurst and Blackett; 1901, price 10s. 6*d*.).

Mr. Fielding is already known to many of our readers by his charming work on the Burmese Buddhists—*The Soul of a People*. It was a work of remarkable sympathy and charm; Mr. Fielding threw himself as a lover into all the better moods of the Burman, had eyes only for his virtues, was blind to his vices. Such a writer indubitably had sympathy, *in one sense of the word* at any rate, and further he had a most pleasing style. It was natural, then, that we should turn to his new volume with pleasant anticipations. He would, we felt confident, make the best of things, and with so vast a subject as religion in general—for this is the burden of Mr. Fielding's new book—would produce something of great beauty. But truth to say, Mr. Fielding has made much more of the Burman than he has out of the whole field of the world's worshippers with its hundreds of thousands of souls more

highly advanced (in every probability) than anything Burma can to-day produce. This, however, was perhaps to be expected, for who but a Master can really see into the hearts of men and assign the just value to their faith?

Mr. Fielding will have it that the creeds all proceed from the head, while religion comes from the heart. The creeds are attempts to explain the feelings and emotions of the heart; but in no case do they really explain them, they all fall short. This generalisation must depend upon what we mean by "head" and "heart." It is a familiar fact to students of the history of religion that while many men are worse than their creeds, many, on the contrary, are better than their formulated beliefs. Of the latter class some are better than their creeds by means of the "head," some by means of the "heart"—or to use the nomenclature of our Hermetic philosophers, some by the light of reason, some by the life of this same reason. It is of course a pure begging of the question to use the term "heart" simply for the purified heart, and the term "head" solely for the unenlightened argumentative faculty. There are cases in which the head has taken the lead in an advance to higher things and the heart has followed, changing conviction into will; there are cases in which the heart has been leader and the head has been constrained to obey. The twain are co-partners, a syzygy. We dare not follow the heart alone as an infallible guide, for the hearts of men are ofttimes very evil; we dare not follow the head alone as an inerrant leader, for the minds of men are ofttimes overcome with doubt. The reason, the divine spark within us, faces two ways, one countenance looks without, the other gazes within. One endeavours to order the chaos of phenomena, the other contemplates the cosmos of noumena; but they are the faces of one being, the son of the King.

Mr. Fielding is of opinion that we shall, for instance, learn more of the faith of Islâm by kneeling in sympathy with a pious Moslem in prayer, than from any reading of the Korân or study of the multitudinous literature of the saints of Mohammedanism. In brief, it would appear, that by a sympathetic participation in the cult we shall learn more of the real life of a faith than by a study of the records of the thought of the most highly developed

souls who have been born into that form of religion. I very much doubt the truth of this assertion ; it argues a very limited meaning for the term sympathy. The scriptures of the nations are for the most part the highest product of those who passed their whole life not only in the outer cult of their faith, but also in the inner life of their religion, and it is as high and useful an employment of our sympathy, to put ourselves in contact with their thought-sphere as to follow with respect and co-feeling the fervid prayers of the general worshipper.

Indeed Mr. Fielding throughout shows that he has studied the world-scriptures only superficially ; they are not to be so easily swept aside, and though we have every respect, say, for the earnest prayers of a Salvation Army "captain," we should hardly imagine that by putting ourselves into sympathetic vibration with him, we should sense the true scope of the Gnosis of the Christ. It may be because our author has not been able to put himself alongside the "praying-carpet" of a Theosophist that he displays such utter ignorance of our endeavour ; but we can easily forgive him this when we find him at the end of his book proclaiming exactly the same ideal which we have preached for upwards of a quarter of a century. It matters less to us that Mr. Fielding should have no sympathy for his Theosophic brother pilgrims than that we should have no sympathy for him and his work. We have every sympathy for him, for we know we are faring upon the self-same road ; but we have sympathy also for the theologians and scientists and philosophers. They sing their song as well as the devotee. Our sympathy we desire to expand to all that lives and breathes, to deniers as well as to affirmers, to pessimists as well as to optimists, to heads as well as to hearts. For with Mr. Fielding we believe in that Voice of the Silence, which is Wisdom. As he says :

"No matter where you go, no matter what the faith is called [ay even atheism, we may add], if you have the hearing ear, if your heart is in unison with the heart of the world, you will hear always the same song. Far down below the noises of the warring creeds, the clash of words and forms, the differences of peoples, of climes, of civilisations, of ideals, far down below all this lies that which you would hear. I know not what you would call it, may

be it is the voice of God telling us for ever the secret of the world, but in unknown tongue. For me it is like the unceasing surge of a shoreless sea answering to the night, a melody beyond words.

"The creeds and faiths are words that men have set to that melody; they are the interpretations of that wordless song. Each is true to him whom it suits. Every nation has translated it into his own tongue. But never forget that these are your own interpretations. Whatever your faith may be, you have no monopoly of religion. I confess that, to me, there is nothing so repellent as the hate of faith for faith. To hear their professors malign and abuse each other, as if each had the monopoly of truth, is terrible. It is as a strife in families, where brother is killing brother, and the younger trying to disinherit the elder. I doubt if in all this warfare they can listen for the voice that is for ever telling the secret of the world. Whence came all the faiths but from that inexplicable feeling of the heart, that surges and swells, arising we know not whence? If you would malign another's faith, remember your own. If you cannot understand his belief stop and consider. Can you understand your own? Do you know whence came these emotions that have risen and made your faith?"

Theosophists of every line of descent will have no difficulty in answering that the best in religion comes indubitably from the Wisdom, that indeed the living roots of all genuine faith in human divinity and divine humanity are planted above; they are the roots of that mystic Ever-living Banyan Tree, the fabled Ashvatta, whose roots are above and whose branches are below. And the best in religion, the true God-given Credo of the Wisdom, acceptable to not only the heart but also the head, not only to the emotions but also to the intellect, finds echo in yet another listening soul when Mr. Fielding closes his book with the words:

"The faiths are all brothers, all born of the same mystery. There are older and younger, stronger and weaker, some babble in strange tongues may be, different from your finer speech. But what of that? Are they the less children of the Great Father for that? Surely if there be the unforgivable offence, the sin against the Holy Ghost, it is this, to deny the truth that lies in all the faiths?"

G. R. S. MEAD.

THE WAY OF LIFE

MOST of us have heard a good deal about "living the life"; some of us now and again speak or write about it; some also, nay, many let us hope, do try to make the phrase a reality in themselves. So what follows will seem old and familiar perhaps, or even hardly worth the saying, while not a few assuredly will feel that it does not apply to them. For such, however, these lines are not intended. Indeed they are not "intended" for anyone in particular, far less directed against anybody or anything. They are simply familiar thoughts which may interest some who have felt or thought likewise. So let each assimilate or reject, welcome or pass them by—with a smile let us hope at any rate.

I asked myself once: Am *I* "living the life"? Well yes, I am at least trying to; I attend all lectures and meetings with regularity, even at not inconsiderable inconvenience or cost; I am fairly well up at least in the literature, I read (and buy) all the new Theosophical works, I give what I can afford, often denying my own wishes and comfort to be able to do so with justice. I believe firmly in the teaching, and am conscious of a warm feeling of devotion and loyalty to the great Teachers and to those through whom They have given forth so much that I prize and value above all things. I strive in action to be kindly and gentle, unselfish and helpful to others; to live purely, think truly, and speak gently. The control of my thoughts, the training of attention, the watchfulness over passion and desire, absorb my most earnest efforts and energies. Meditation, self-examination, I do not neglect; nor am I careless of duty. Oh yes, I am honestly striving to "live the life." And I turned from my own heart to set about some work that was waiting to be done.

But one day I realised that I was very tired; tired inside,

as it were, not in body merely. Striving to throw off this weariness, it seemed to grow heavier and I caught myself growing irritable, taking unkindly views of things and people, more ready than used to be the case to find fault and criticise. So I tried to watch myself more closely than ever, and strove even more strenuously to "live the life." But doing so seemed to grow harder and harder; interest in work, in reading, in study of things Theosophical seemed to grow weaker and fainter; life, energy, devotion, alike seemed to faint and die away.

I went to one wiser than myself and asked what it all meant. In reply I was told—what I knew already—of the great law of the tide of Life, of its unceasing ebb and flow and of the "pledge-fever" which attacks those who seek the Path. Looking back I saw that these things were indeed true and that already in the past I had traversed such cyclic alternations. And so I waited in confident hope for the tide to turn. In due time it did turn. Thus again and again the wave rose and fell.

But as experience grew and widened, as I studied and watched the life, and the lives around me, as I entered into, and understood more of the records left behind them by men of every age and clime and nation who have trodden this road, a doubt began to rise in my heart, a question in my mind. Was indeed all this doing and striving, this working and watching, in very truth "living the life" in its fullest and deepest sense?

Some I met and knew, as man knows, who seemed far less absorbed in all these things than myself, whose lives seemed outwardly but little different, if at all, from the life of those who live as do most other people, and yet in them I could feel the steady glow of that deeper life which I sought and craved so keenly. And I stood perplexed and doubtful.

Under multitudinous forms, my heart seemed to feel the pulsing of the life I sought; but each creed and faith said: "This is the life—*not that*. Lo! here is the action, this the conduct, such the discipline which is the life—therefore follow me." But they all differed; some seemed in contradiction one with another, many excluded many. And I was the more perplexed.

In vain I tried to sift out and select; to combine and fuse together into a whole such manifold diversity. Always there was

something left outside, some apparently irreconcilable divergence, some pulse of the life I could feel in a form I could not harmonise or unite with others into an ordered synthesis. And stronger and ever stronger grew the feeling, clearer and clearer the perception that I was indeed "living *a* life"—but only one among many—not "living *the* life"; for so much that seemed essential was omitted, so much that ought to be done, left undone. And my heart grew sore and weary at the thought of the endless extent of the search, the feebleness and futility of the effort contrasted with what all these multitudinous forms demanded of one who would "live the life."

One day I was reading about the "buddhic plane," and the characteristics of consciousness in that state of being; where it was stated that there the consciousness was united with the "life" instead of with the "form." For an instant there was clearness. I seemed to grasp and understand in feeling some light of truth that made plain the meaning of it all. Rejoicing, I set to work, hoping to register and crystallise that moment of insight. But having done so, I found, after a time, that I had produced—merely one more form, far less even of the living whole than others. But I remembered that what I had felt in understanding was the coherence and living unity of *all* these many forms. So I began to ask myself: Why, having once perceived, cannot I make plain, obvious and therefore "real," as men say, this that I have experienced. And then I recollected that the creator of *forms* is the mind, that the essential nature of intellect, even of abstract intellect, is to distinguish, to separate, to set over against or alongside each other, that in short the intellect (*manas*) is the source and origin of diversity. Each and every system of philosophy leads ultimately to contradictions intellectually insoluble—because they are the creations of the intellect itself, and therefore are involved in the very fabric and structure of all intellectual processes. Thus, in every field submitted to the work of the mind, these irreconcilable divergencies must needs come to light sooner or later, and so it must needs be in every region and domain wherein are forms, the creations of the mind and intellect, and therefore one and all bearing its indelible birthmark.

Therefore had all my efforts been in vain—so far as formulated result went. For the very act of formulation, or as one might say clear statement, was itself but the creation by the mind of a form, in itself a limitation and a distinction, which when rendered into words, even could that rendering be perfect, would still remain a child of mind and therefore in its inner nature divided against itself. True, indeed, that intellect syntheticises as well as divides, but its syntheses are of forms, its own creations, not of the living, pulsing life.

But will not Art give what intellect fails to attain? At the least it seems to come nearer the goal, for in the highest Art is a peace, a harmony, a unity, which gives a satisfaction, a sense of living wholeness, that is lacking to the intellect. And therein lies the supreme glory and achievement of perfect Art. But, though the life shines through, making itself felt and realised, the form seems predominant, even in music, the speech of the gods, so the mind tends to seize upon the form and too often the life is little felt.

But this at least seems clear to me: to attend not to the form so much, but rather seek after the life henceforward. For to myself I seem to have been seeking after changing, shifting multitudinous forms and striving to live according to them—not to dwell in the life which alone makes them real. For though these forms and disciplines, these efforts and strivings, these endeavours to attain purification and ensue right conduct, have indeed their place and necessity; though they are invaluable, indispensable, most important, yet the living of them, or any of them, cannot be in truth "living the life"—for they are forms, and to live them is to live forms, not *the* life.

How then shall I set about "living the life"? Shall I abandon these disciplines, let myself go anyhow? Surely no! That cannot be the way—nor the truth, nor the life. And yet, though these forms have led me thus far towards the life, still I feel the true way has not yet been found. Whither shall I seek? Wherein, essentially, consists the living of *the* life?

May it not lie in this very recognising of the life, of the same inner aspiration and effort, under these multitudinous forms? But that seems rather a knowing than a living, is outside, not in

the life; it lacks warmth, colour, glow, it rings somewhat hollow and thin; it bears not the marks of things that live, it is not assimilative, reproductive, vividly responsive.

But, still, it *is* nearer than any or all of those forms, those disciplines and rules of life, those methods and means. It seems at least one step nearer; for to recognise the life in and through its manifold forms must surely be a preliminary to living it. But I want more than that. And yet I cannot live out *all* these forms—they are too diverse, too conflicting, too manifold. Besides I do not want to live a form, but the life.

Let me try another way. I will cease to pay attention to the forms themselves; I will not trouble myself with balancing or comparing them one with another; I will altogether put aside the idea that one form is, or may be, better than another; I will no longer strive to find or create one which shall be the best form among them all—I will abandon the notion that there is or can be any "best" form at all.

Instead, I will try to open my heart and mind to the life itself; to enter into it, to feel and welcome its presence everywhere, to joy and delight in its beauty and glow, to assimilate and reproduce it apart from all forms, disciplines and methods alike. For myself, I will adopt such means, methods, disciplines as I find quicken the glow and fervour of the life in my own mind and heart; chosing those which to me bring the life most fully and most intensely, but ever striving to enter into, to feel, to take up into my heart the life wherever I sense it, under whatever form it encounters me. I will welcome it gladly, receive it willingly, open myself out to it on all sides, ever trying to find and feel it in new forms, to develope the sense of its presence, the consciousness of its glorious sweep, its mighty fulness, its inexhaustible variety. I will live in it and understand it, I will dwell in its vastness, in the mightiness of its spaces, the depths and heights of its pervading presence. For I think, I see, and feel, that it is narrowness of sympathy as well as limitation of mind, the fear of its vastness, the shrinking back from its multitudinous infinitude, which shuts me out from the life I seek and keeps me clinging to the forms in which I find no peace.

WILLIAM TRISTRAMSON.

PROGRESS AND PROTESTANTISM

THERE are few principles more important than the one which Oliver Wendell Holmes has so neatly expressed in his medical language, that in undertaking to expound the Truth, all that Smith or Jones can do is to give us, not the Truth itself, but the Smithate or Brownate of Truth. In other words, when even the highest and most clear-sighted of us beholds the Truth, its working upon him is not that of an image which he can reflect, wholly or partially as the case may be, but a chemical combination with the elements of his own being. All that he can show to others is the "precipitate" of this action; and the very same pure Truth will come out red, blue, or green according to the character of the mind into which it has fallen. Our doctrine of vibrations will put this more correctly, though perhaps not so strikingly. Not the greatest of writers or speakers—nay, not even the greatest of thinkers—can ever hope to give out *the* Truth; only that portion which he himself has absorbed and digested and of which he has made *his* Truth. He can show to others what seems to him the foundation of his spiritual life, the principle which, *for him*, clears up all the puzzles of the world about him; he can work out its consequences, its results, on his view of the world's history and its present condition. But what he *cannot* do, if he has learned wisdom, is to put this forth as a Gospel, to be believed by others under pain of damnation, temporal or eternal. He will understand that no other man's elements are combined precisely like his own, and that in the presence of Truth the "reaction" (as the chemists say) must always be more or less different. In many cases this difference is so great that what is *his* meat will be the other man's poison—and, contrariwise, that what would poison *him* may very possibly be the best of all nutriments for the other's soul. All he can hope for is, not to make *converts* to his own view, but so to set forth what he has

found to help him that it may be of use to those whose constitution is not too far removed from his own. These, his true "relations," will feel in reading him, "here is someone who has gone *our* way and can help and enlighten us"; and, for the rest of the world, he has nothing to do with them nor they with him.

This is the inner meaning of the well-worn phrase, "The Society has no Creed." It does not mean that we have nothing to teach—that the Society is a mere colourless association to which wisdom and folly, truth and error are indifferently welcome, so long as they pay their fees. It means the recognition that the Truth we have to offer to the world will be (and *should* be) differently taken by each member, that it is not a collection of dogmas to be fought over, but a *life*—a spiritual *food* which each separate individual may take and thereby grow to the full strength of his own soul—his *own* soul with all its individual characteristics, good and bad, not any copy of ours. Similarly when we find on the cover of the REVIEW the statement that "the Editors do not hold themselves responsible for any opinions, whether religious, philosophical, or social, expressed in signed articles," this means something widely different from the mere disclaimer of legal responsibility which is all the words usually carry. It means that everyone who has a message—who has learned by his own experience something which he thinks may help his fellows—is welcome to set it forth for the benefit of those to whom it may appeal; but that, on the other hand, it is no place for *controversy*. It was the sense of this which kept me silent (though as a Catholic priest I was sorely tempted to speak) when our friend Mr. Fullerton, in the innocence of his heart, a few months back trotted out his Protestantism in the REVIEW, supporting his position by a number of statements of Catholic doctrine all more or less erroneous, and some absolutely and obviously false. We are all certain of the perfect good faith with which he copied them into his article, and I judged that to reply would do more harm than good. There is a great deal in an ancient rule of the Army, that one must not fight duels in the presence of the enemy!

But should we not do what we can to correct each other's mistakes? Well—yes, if the matter is one which seriously in-

volves the spiritual life; if we see another going wrong for want of a helping word; otherwise—I think, not. The precise nature of the connection between the Earth, Mars, and Mercury, for example, is a matter with which we are not likely to be personally concerned for some millions of years to come, and may well be left, as the Masters leave it, as a subject of controversy for those who have nothing better to think about. But when those who have escaped from the bondage of sectarianism continue to drag about with them, unconsciously, fragments of their fetters which are an actual hindrance to their advance, I do not think there can be any intrusiveness in calling their attention to it and doing one's best to deliver them; and it is from this point of view I am going to treat my subject.

In the review of Mrs. Besant's new book, signed with the well-known initials G. R. S. M., in the December number of the REVIEW, we have the usual view of the Protestant position, the view which everyone expresses without stopping to think, carefully and delicately put. He says (and those who have not read it carefully should study the actual words, which I must here curtail), "It will indubitably be remarked that members of the Roman Catholic Church will find in our colleague's work more 'comfortable words' than will the members of the vast majority of the Protestant churches. And here further considerations of great importance arise. The vast movement, of which Protestantism so called was and is one of the manifestations, is an enormously important factor in human affairs. . . Has the Christ not been active with them as well? And if so, is there no place for them in the Lesser Mysteries?"

Now I have not the smallest intention of attempting to anticipate Mrs. Besant's reply to this last question; that is not my concern. My present point is distinctly to negative the preliminary assumption that "Protestantism so called was and is one of the manifestations of liberal thought." From my point of view, Protestantism, strictly so called, was in its beginning and still is a *reactionary* force. It seems to me to be time that we should abandon the looseness of expression which calls Protestant everything which is not Catholic—should recognise that Protestantism is an actual existing sect with its own

principles, its own views, as distinct as and much more mischievous than the Catholic, and that our present liberty of thought and conscience has been gained not by the help, but in the very teeth of Protestantism. Does this sound a paradox? It is only for want of thought. Every one who is startled by it really knows enough to justify my statement, but has never cared to put things together. In the darkest of the Dark Ages of England—the time of the early Georges—it was natural enough for men whose theology was limited to drinking to the "Protestant succession, and confusion to the Pope and wooden shoes"! to take for granted that all good things came from Protestantism; but now that we have passed that Palæolithic Age it is time to reconsider things.

We may begin our survey from the year A.D. 1000. As that year approached all thinkers united in expecting the end of the world, nor were they mistaken. It *was* the end of the long death struggle of the great Roman civilisation; but the death-day of the old was the birth-day of the new. I have often remarked, here and elsewhere, that the characteristic of the four following centuries was that Religion and the new-born Science went confidently hand in hand. Like other married folks they had from time to time their little quarrels. Now and then some thinker went a little too far and paid the natural penalty—Society in those days shoved out of its way rather roughly any one it considered mischievous;—but on the whole they agreed well enough. In Chaucer's time it was a matter of course that a clerk should have his pleasure in his books, "clothed in black and red, of Aristotle his philosophy," and if you wanted an Alchemist, it was amongst the ranks of the higher clergy you would find him. It is an entirely unfounded assumption that it was from the Church the Alchemist had to hide himself; his danger was from the secular Fronts-de-Bœuf who would have kept him in a dungeon and drawn his teeth, or roasted him on the gridiron till he consented to make gold for them. Anyone who will just think for a moment what kind of men princes and knights were in those days, can hardly do anything but laugh at the suggestion that the *religious* aspect had much to do with their dealings with men of science.

Into this young and growing mental life came at last an entirely new influence—a sort of "Second Outpouring,"—the discovery of the Classics, which formed what we know as the Renaissance. Until then Science and the Church had been at one in the most essential point of all. To be a great Scholar, as to be a great Saint, a man must live altogether beyond the needs of the body. Browning's "Grammarian's Funeral" does not in the least exaggerate the ascetic fury of one who then "decided not to live but know." To one who lived thus, Theology could pardon a great deal; and had Abelard not been so unlucky as to have been Heloise's tutor, his speculative doctrines might have passed muster well enough. But with the Classics came the knowledge of another world, hitherto quite unknown, one in which the philosopher might be rich and noble, free to take his pleasure in life; free also to think and dream without his course being perpetually brought up against a "text." Once more intelligent man took and ate the fruit of the tree, and became as God, knowing good and evil. The childhood of the new Western world was ended, and its time of puberty come; that time of trial of which I spoke last month. Man had gained his freedom, for good and for evil; his task now, by many experiments and through many failures and blunders, to learn to be a law unto himself. The ferment of the new life was working, but the new wine not yet made; and we cannot wonder that the old orthodoxy saw therein nothing but "corruption."

So far I may have carried my readers fairly with me; but here comes the point. We are all agreed that freedom of thought was the final result of the great movement. Now, I want you to stop and consider where, at the time of Luther's advent, freedom of thought was to be found? There can be but one answer, though that will surprise those who have hitherto contented themselves with repeating the commonplaces uttered around them;—at the Court of Rome! Luther himself was one of those unfortunates (to be met with in our own times as in every other) unlucky enough to have seen and loved the ascetic ideal, which yet was quite outside his nature; who had to go through endless suffering and do enormous mischief (being, as he was, a *strong* man) before he finally reached the philosophy of "wine,

woman, and song" which was and had been all the time the one truth, for him and in that incarnation—his "Lutherate" of the Truth, to return to our original image. Now those who know anything of these matters know well that there is no asceticism so desperate for itself, so pitiless for others, as that which has to struggle with this natural incapacity, not yet perhaps recognised as a *doubt*, but already dimly sensed as a "temptation." In the height of this struggle he goes to Rome, hoping in his provincial ignorance that at the centre of Christendom he will find help utterly and finally to murder his nature for the good of his soul. What does he find there? Our Protestant friends will answer glibly, "Corruptions!" But we are philosophers, and must analyse. What he finds is that there (and there *only*) Philosophy has triumphed all along the line; that the Pope, the cardinals and all the higher clergy are themselves freethinkers, have cut themselves loose from all bonds of sectarianism,—in short, from good Catholics have become good Theosophists! True, freedom of thought has brought with it a considerable amount of freedom of life. As I have said, men had not at once learned to be a law unto themselves; but if any one thinks that the German princes who backed up Luther were seriously scandalised by what is to us immorality—that they fought the Catholic armies out of horror that priests had mistresses, not being able to have wives, he must be consciously shutting his eyes to what kind of people they were. No, the horror of Rome to Luther was that instead of finding help in his struggle with his nature he found established in full glory the human life, which was just coming into his soul in the shape of a conscious temptation. A northern barbarian, comparatively uneducated, and with no knowledge of the world, he could not follow his Roman superiors along the road by which they had already reached his final stage of "wine, woman, and song," and he had far to wander before this was made clear to him.

His movement was thus from the first a reaction *against* freethought, the freethought which seemed to him so fraught with evil; this, of course, with the one natural exception which every one makes. In the mouth of all Reformers "freedom of conscience" means freedom to force everyone to think and act accord-

ing to *my* conscience. He was, as I have said, a strong man; it never occurred to him, as it would to us weaklings of the twentieth century, to go aside and work out his internal struggle in solitude and silence. He must *fight* what seemed to his artificial asceticism the enemy; and he felt, quite correctly, that it was at Rome and under the patronage of the Pope that the new life he so feared had its centre. Rome was philosophising; learning that there was something beyond Christian dogma; a Wisdom was dawning which was deeper and wider than Christianity, which had a place for Greek thought and much more besides. What was to come of it except evil who *then* could see clearly? So he fell back upon the universal resource of out-of-date orthodoxy; the world must be forced to "stand still in the ancient ways," and "the Bible, and the Bible only" (of all war cries the most completely reactionary, the motto of an earlier "White Terror"), became the religion of Protestants. The behaviour of Erasmus, who sums up in his own person the good and evil of the Renaissance, is suggestive. Welcoming everything in the new movement which made for life; maliciously enjoying every attack upon the older and less intelligent parts of the Church, the hide-bound theologians and ignorant monks who would have found a pleasure in roasting *him*, he yet steadfastly refused to join himself to the new tyranny which was replacing the old—the Reform which robbed and murdered, the stake which was more ready for the free-thinker in Geneva than in Rome itself. Under Luther and Calvin there was no place for the Humanist.

Thus for several hundred years all progress was stopped amongst the members of the new religion, and endless disputes about "texts" replaced all true thought, as had happened centuries before under the Emperors at Constantinople. But this was not the worst. The brute force of German princes could not have established the Reform but for the tacit approval of all the unprogressive portion of the Catholics (always the majority in *any* body, Church or Nation), who hated progress—from the best and holiest of motives; and the success of the Reform reacted on the Church. The Saints triumphed, and the seeming victory of the Humanists ended in total discomfiture. Under the dead weight of the decisions of the Council of Trent, patched up under

the fatal idea of meeting the Reform with its own weapons, the life perished in the Church, as outside; and for more than two hundred years the history of human progress, from the religious side—Catholic and Protestant alike—is a total blank.

Now the reason why I bring this up just now is this. In England there is at this time a crisis not unlike that of the Renaissance in Rome. During the last hundred years men have begun to wake from the blank materialistic stupidity which was satisfied to repeat the Thirty-Nine Articles and drink "Church and King" without so much as wondering whether it did believe or did not. This, the condition of things about the year 1800, was the true result and outcome of Protestantism all the world over. In Germany, history has repeated itself; the nation has broken away entirely from its religion; but we English are otherwise made. The best intelligence of the English Church is being set upon the work the Humanists tried to do in the sixteenth century; so carefully and delicately to introduce the new wine into the old bottles, that the bottles shall not break and the wine be spilt. It is a work in which they have our fullest sympathy and our heartiest good wishes. They have better prospects than the men of the Renaissance. They have on their side, if not a majority of the nation, at least a large minority, and this consisting of the best and wisest. In the march of evolution man has learned, better than before, to keep his *own* law; and their worst enemies have almost ceased to venture the old slander against the morals of those who see further and know more than themselves. But *we* may venture to express a truth which would not come well or wisely from their lips; the deadliest enemy, the biggest stumbling-block in their way is—Protestantism. The Orangemen, the Church Association, Mr. Kensit, are entirely in the right when they claim to be the defenders of Protestantism; and from its defenders we may judge what Protestantism really is, if we cannot read it in history. Now, as ever, it means the reaction against every symptom of growth, every extension of knowledge; the revolt of ignorance against enlightenment, the anger of the Scribes and Pharisees against the Christ, of negative "goodness" against the divine Fire. And to this feeling everyone, consciously or unconsciously, panders,

who allows himself in this dawn of the twentieth century to put together the two words which form the title of my paper, Progress and Protestantism.

Let me in conclusion remind those who may differ from me of my opening disclaimer of all desire to force my own view upon others. The truth, to me, takes the shape I have tried briefly to sketch. It is good for us, the apostles of progress, to know who are the friends and who the enemies of the movement we all desire. We know that, spite of all attempts, with the best of motives, to hold it back, the world *does* move, and move forwards, not backwards; and with this consoling conviction we may well agree to differ as to what is the greatest hindrance in its way. No religion, no nation, no man, can hope to do more than—on the whole, all things considered—to have done more to help than to hinder; and I venture to think one may also say no one need fear to have done less. For, with our best wisdom, "we know not what we do."

ARTHUR A. WELLS.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

THE OCCULT ARTS AND THE SCIENCE OF THE UNSEEN

Nature's Mysteries. By A. P. Sinnett. (London: The Theosophica Publishing Society; 1901. Price 2s. net.)

THE series of articles lately contributed by our widely read colleague to the pages of one of the London dailies lies now before us in a convenient and exceedingly low-priced volume. These articles were specially designed for popular consumption, were intended for the thoughtful reader entirely unacquainted with the subject, and will therefore serve as an excellent introduction to the infinite maze of phenomena connected with that twilight land which lies between our world of darkness and the boundless realms of light. "My purpose," writes Mr. Sinnett in his Preface, "has been to show readers unaccustomed to the study of what is commonly called 'occult' science, how naturally the investigation of Nature's Mysteries along the lines of recognised scientific research, leads to, and blends with, that farther-reaching research which carries the inquirer beyond the limits of the

physically manifested world." These introductory chapters are followed by the main body of the book, in which our colleague "endeavours," as he says, and succeeds as we think, in giving the reader "a comprehensive glance over the wide domain of inquiry which lies before the scientific students of the future"; indeed, it is surprising that he has been able to cram so much into the comparatively small compass of 184 pages. Mr. Sinnett has not only succeeded in this, but he has succeeded in the main thing which makes for the popularity of any work; he is interesting, he does not give us a single dull page, and this is much to say of any book. And further, as his book is crammed full of the facts, ideas, and suggestions, which have helped most of us towards a new view of life, and that, too, free of technicalities, and put into plain and straightforward words, his book cannot but be useful to the many readers it will undoubtedly have. Our appreciation of its utility, however, is a little discounted by the apprehension that the somewhat impatient phrasing of some of his sentences, when Mr. Sinnett find himself face to face with perverse obstinacy, will rather increase that obstinacy than mollify it. We are now on the winning side and can afford to be lenient; if one will not listen, ten others will, the ideas are in the air and the multitude agape with curious wonder. What now remains to be done is to develope their childish curiosity about the occult arts into a virile interest in those true sciences and arts which Wisdom teaches those who worship Her in spirit and in truth.

G. R. S. M.

The Gospels and Modern Criticism

The Gospels and the Gospel. A Study in the most Recent Results of the Lower and Higher Criticism. By G. R. S. Mead, B.A., M.R.A.S. (London: Theosophical Publishing Society; and Benares; 1902. Price 4*s*. 6*d*. net.)

It is with keen pleasure that we welcome this attempt to bring within the reach of the general reading public an accurate, moderate, intelligible and interesting account of the present position of our knowledge about the Gospels—those venerable and revered documents which form the very foundation stones of the faith of the Western world. Mr. Mead has given us a book which should be in the hands not merely of every student of Theosophy, but of every really thoughtful Christian, and especially of every minister of religion or instructor

of youth. The blank ignorance which one everywhere encounters on this important subject is worse than disgraceful, in an age like ours, and now there remains no longer the outworn excuse that there is no moderate priced, readable book on the subject, a book intelligible to laymen and at the same time fair and sympathetic to what so many regard with the deepest reverence.

In thus supplying a very real need, Mr. Mead has carried out his task with judgment and sympathy, as well as with the true instinct of a scholar and the insight of a reverent and sincere believer in the reality of Religion. Let us hope, therefore, that the association of his book with that much abused and misunderstood entity the Theosophical Publishing Society, may not stand too greatly in the way of its finding access to the mind of that larger public which is in truth so deeply and vitally concerned with the questions to which it relates; and that it will be the means of helping many to a more reasonable understanding of these problems than the reticence of the pulpit has yet produced.

But it must not be supposed that Mr. Mead rests content with merely negative or destructive criticism. To him Religion is a thing far too real to allow of his leaving the reader in the cold and somewhat grey fog of an uninspiring rationalism. Rightly and most truly he gives to reason and common-sense, to history and sober fact, their full dues, their utmost rights; but he does not leave us to hover amid the uncertainties of judgment and the dubiety of evidence without a ray of sunshine to light the way to a more real, more inspiring, more satisfying view of Christianity, than the time honoured literalism which the assaults of reason and critical analysis are so rapidly dissolving away. In the concluding chapters he indicates in outline a deeper and truer view which gives back to the disillusioned heart all and more than all which the reason has deprived it of, while allowing to the intellect its free and untrammelled play and to science its unquestioned rights, its due and proper place.

The audiences which listened to Mr. Mead's lectures on the subject of his present book, and the wider public which read an outline of these studies in the pages of this REVIEW, will give them a hearty welcome in book form, and they can do no better service to the cause of truth than to make them as widely known as possible, and to introduce them to as many of those who are in earnest about their religion as they can.

B. K.

The Study of Dreams

Dreams and their Meanings. By Horace G. Hutchinson. (London: Longmans, Green & Co; 1901. Price 9*s*. 6*d*. net.)

This is a very interesting and very excellent introduction to the study of a subject which is both exceedingly fascinating and more likely than many people imagine to yield in due time results of great and permanent value for the understanding and unravelling of that very complex being—man. The author begins by repudiating, with almost an excess of modesty, any claim to scientific competence to handle the subject or to the possession of any scientific or other special attainments which might be held to fit him particularly for such a task. But his book is perhaps not only more readable but even possibly more valuable from that very fact. For being quite untechnical it can be read and understood by the unlearned, and as Mr. Hutchinson has devoted very nearly half of his volume to the consideration of the very remarkable collection of telepathic and other abnormal dreams brought together, sifted, and verified by the S.P.R., and seems moreover to have made his selection with great care and tact, his work is by no means lacking in those more striking and suggestive elements which are likely both to arrest attention and lead towards the acquisition of valuable results.

Mr. Hutchinson's own attitude of mind is exactly what it ought to be—duly cautious and careful, while open to receive all valid and sound evidence, though, perhaps, some of his readers will smile at the rather hasty generalisations in which he seems to have indulged when first opening up the subject, while others will certainly enter a strong *caveat* against his readiness to set up a certain version of a particular class of dream as "typical," or as the Germans would say "massgebend," and to dismiss rather cursorily, as sporadic variants, all dreams that do not exhibit these special features which he has decided to consider typical. But his readers, and they ought to be many, will very readily forgive these lapses in their gratitude for the service he has done in furnishing us with a so readable and open-minded a treatment of a much neglected subject. To students of nature's deeper mysteries particularly the book should appeal, as furnishing them with no little very useful ammunition in their battles with the materialistic sceptic; while everyone interested in the study of Psychology should welcome any attempt to explore this undoubtedly very fertile domain in earnest. It is to be hoped that Mr. Hutchinson will continue his studies, and by wider enquiry and the accumulation of large stores of

IT is with very great pleasure that we welcome this first instalment of the German translation of our colleague's invaluable series of studies upon the surroundings of nascent Christianity. Not of course that in its German dress the work will be of special value to readers of English, but because of the hope that its publication in Germany may perhaps bring home to the intelligent public in that country the fact that Theosophy is not solely concerned with miracles and marvel hunting, nor limited to a few untrained and uncultured minds—which is perhaps the view at present most widely current upon the subject among really intellectual people in the Father-land. A work as solid, as thorough and as balanced as this, which is yet inspired and permeated through and through with the Theosophical idea, ought one feels to do something at least to negative that preconception which at present stands more in the way to the progress of our movement than almost anything else.

The translation is on the whole admirably done and reads both easily and pleasantly. A few errors of small importance may be noticed here or there; but on the whole Mr. Mead is to be congratulated upon having found so sympathetic and understanding a translator.

The type is Roman and of a pleasant size, the margin good, and the obvious care bestowed upon it by the publishers promises well for the volume in its completed form.

B. K.

THOUGHTS ON THE GÎTÂ

Stray Thoughts on the Bhagavad Gîtâ. By The Dreamer. (Calcutta: Aghore Nath Datta, 120-2, Musjid Bari Street.)

THERE is growing up within the Theosophical Society in India a small body of writers who show in themselves the fruits of the united culture of the East and the West, and who illuminate the ancient sacred books of the East with the light which streams from their source, the Wisdom. One of these, writing under the pseudonym of "The Dreamer," has lately penned a series of thoughtful and suggestive papers on the first two chapters of the *Song Celestial*, and has issued them under the modest title given above. Students of the *Gîtâ* will thank us, if they read this booklet, for drawing their attention to it. It contains matter that will repay several readings, and that will become more helpful as it is pondered over.

The writer looks on the *Gîtâ*, he says in his Foreword, as "eminently a book of advice and guidance, necessary to help a student to tread the path of Nivṛitti—non-attachment. To him it is the finger-post which indicates the path leading to service." This song, he thinks, is only heard by a man "when there is disharmony in his nature, when a critical state of consciousness is to be passed." Arjuna must be on Kurukshetra, if his ears are to be opened to the Divine Song. And, in truth, it may be remembered that when the battle was over, and ease succeeded to struggle, Shrî-Kṛishṇa was unable to re-sing the Song.

The first chapter, on Arjuna's despondency, analyses skilfully the state of mind in which Arjuna found himself just before the battle, taking Arjuna as the typical man who has reached the power of functioning in full consciousness on the mental plane. He "has evolved a well-defined centre of individuality," he has conquered the personal self, and it can now only subtly influence him by appeals to duty, which "the man recognises as the truest manifestation of his being. He had hitherto fought against his lower nature with this powerful ally, this sense of duty; and now that very stronghold of his nature is betrayed into the enemy's hands." He has grown by duty, by self-abnegation; now he has to transcend separateness, and duty and self-abnegation are activities of the separated self. Hence confusion and bewilderment assail him; his very virtues have become obstacles, and he cries out: "My mind is confused as to Dharma. I ask Thee which may be better. That tell me decisively. I am Thy disciple, suppliant unto Thee. Teach me." The answer to that prayer is the *Gîtâ*.

A very interesting chapter on "Caste confusion" follows, and then we come to "The Real and the Unreal," the "I and the Not-I," and the discrimination between the eternal atomic human Monad—should not the word "human" be omitted?—and the forms it uses and discards, without which Yoga is impossible. This study is continued in the fourth paper, in which the gradual realisation of this distinction is ably traced. A paper on the utility of forms leads on to the study of the Sâṁkhya Yoga, to which the remainder of the booklet is devoted, with the exception of an excursus on Virtue and Sin, very true, and very likely to arouse violent dissent. Virtue is defined as the expression of the inner life of the Ego at any stage as opposed to the outer form. Sin is the tendency to shut out the life, and is the result of the crystallising of the form, it is the outcome of a virtue of a

lower plane. Those who are not too impatient with an unaccustomed line of thought to try to understand it, would profit by this paper. Others would do more wisely to leave it alone.

Our writer lays down as the first requisite for the Sâṁkhya Yoga, "an acute incisive intellect," and points out that in ordinary life all thinking is stimulated by desire, whereas in the higher life desire must be eliminated and pure intellect must energise. Without this the self-conscious centre cannot develope, the "permanent, indestructible and all-pervading noumenon, the I." Separation and concentration feed and nourish the I-notion and by these it is "finally made self-centred." Then it surrenders itself to Îshvara and "becomes an ocean of consciousness."

I heartily commend this little book to Western readers, and trust that The Dreamer may dream enough to bring out a further series of papers.

A. B.

[The Theosophical Publishing Society, we are informed, has in hand an English edition, which will shortly be on sale.]

Magazines and Pamphlets

The Theosophist, December. In "Old Diary Leaves" we have nothing so serious as last month. The Colonel expresses himself very strongly as to certain alleged appearances of H. P. B. in the séance-room and at the typewriter; he declares "he feels perfectly warranted in saying that since her death Madame Blavatsky has neither shown herself nor spoken to or through any spiritualist medium." The death of Montoliu, whose memory is imperishably united with the birth of Theosophy in Spain, and some minor matters of the Colonel's country bungalow at Ooty, fill up the rest of the space. S. Stuart speaks of "The Invisible World." W. G. John gives a very common sense and useful view of "Spiritual Castes." M. A. C. Thirlwall, having consideration for our human weakness, makes for us a welcome selection from the 36,000 slokas of the *Yoga Vasiṣhṭha*. There are also articles by W. A. Krishnamachari on "Ideals"; by A. Nilakanta Sastri on "Jñâna Yoga"; by J. G. O. Tepper on "The Nature of Gravitation"; by P. N. Aiyar on "Brotherhood." A curious account of the stopping of the flow of lava from the great crater of Mauna Loa in 1881, if not in consequence of, at least coincidently with, the perform-

ance of the ceremonies traditionally prescribed for that purpose, by a person having the due qualification of Royal blood, concludes an interesting number.

Prasnottara (November and December) takes up seriously the answering of questions, amongst which are some of considerable interest. We gather that the strictly orthodox do not have it all their own way, even in India, as to the right interpretation of the Kṛishṇa stories; and that some Hindus are inclined to give a certain weight to the physical impossibilities which Mrs. Besant has been so solemnly rebuked for considering in "matters of faith." Short papers are also given, including "Can Justice and Mercy be Reconciled," and "Stray Thoughts on the *Bhagvat Gîtâ*."

Central Hindu College Magazine, for December, contains the account of the third Anniversary of the College, which seems to have been a complete success. A varied programme of short and readable articles makes up the remainder of the number, one of which represents (we hope misrepresents) Guru Nânak as a more than usually objectionable specimen of that ugly class, the "good child," showing his superiority to his teachers with all the bumptiousness of a modern English school-boy, instead of the delicate and modest considerateness with which the young Siddârtha makes his divine wisdom excusable —nay, lovable.

Theosophic Gleaner, December, is this time struck with that paralysis of invention which seems creeping over our magazines; and, with the exception of a paper by D. D. Writer, headed "The Light Celestial," confines itself to reprints from articles by A. Fullerton, A. P. Sinnett, and others.

The Brahmavâdin, November, besides its usual lecture by Swâmi Vivekânanda, has reports of Prof. James' Glasgow Gifford Lectures, which will certainly furnish welcome matter for our Reviewers when they come out in book form, having much which is both true and new. Also received from India, *The Dawn*, *The Ârya*, *Siddhânta Deepikâ*, and *Indian Review*.

Vâhan, for January, notes the approaching formation of the Italian Branches into a separate Section, the necessary number of seven having been now reached. There is a good deal of correspondence on previous answers, the only new question treated of at any length being "What is the Theosophical definition of conscience, and which principle is its source?" I, for my own part, strongly suspect that in most people "conscience" is only another and more dignified word for the man's

self-conceit and pig-headedness; but of course I cannot offer this as a "Theosophical definition."

Bulletin Théosophique, January, gives us some information as to Mr. Leadbeater's movements, and a portion of his lecture on "The Desire-Elemental."

Revue Théosophique, December, gives translations from Mrs. Besant's "Some Difficulties of the Interior Life"; from J. Stirling's "Lemuria"; Mr. Leadbeater's *Invisible Helpers*, and the *Theosophical Glossary*.

Théosophie, December and January, also confines itself to translations from H. P. B., and from several articles in our own REVIEW.

Theosophia, for January, has a much enlarged number, in which "by the graceful kindness of a generous benefactor," Mrs. Besant's "Thought-Forms" is reproduced with its illustrations, together with Mr. Leadbeater's article on "The Human Aura," etc.

Teosofia, for December, has a formidable list of engagements for Mr. Leadbeater's visit to Italy (a visit which we have just heard is to be extended until the end of February), and translations of Mrs. Besant's "The Work of a Lodge," and Mr. Leadbeater's *Clairvoyance*.

Sophia, for December, continues Dr. Pascal's Geneva Conferences and Sñr. Blanco's valuable paper on "The Great Spanish Theosophists of the Middle Ages," and concludes its very interesting account of Colonel Olcott's South American tour.

Theosophy in Australasia. In the November number the leading place is taken by a paper signed with the well-known initials A. M., entitled "Some more Scientific Corroborations," and G. Peale continues his series "Let Every Man be persuaded in his own Mind."

New Zealand Theosophical Magazine, December, rejoices in an expected visit from Mr. Leadbeater, the earliest possible date for which, however, is the winter of 1903! S. Stuart concludes his series on "Occult Schools and the Masters," and Mrs. Judson does her best to console those who complain that Theosophy "denies the existence of a Personal God."

Philadelphia, September and October, is largely occupied with the Colonel's visit; but has, in addition to translations, an interesting paper by E. Schuré, entitled "The Genius of Islâm."

We have also received the numbers of a new magazine from Havana, begun in September as the organ of the Havana Branch of our Society. It has an ambitious cover on which the Sun is rising over Egyptian pyramids and Indian and Greek temples, and takes our

own name *Revista Teosofica*. Its contents are well chosen, and we can honestly recommend it to our Spanish-speaking friends as a credit to its publishers and a favourable promise for the future of Theosophy in Cuba under its new rulers.

Here also is the place to mention the first number of *Die goldene Kette der Liebe*, a new Theosophical magazine for German-speaking children which we owe to the enterprise of a member of our Society, Frau von Sonklar. Nicely got up and prettily illustrated, it is just the thing to tempt an English little girl to learn German ; more enjoyable and also more useful than the wearinesses of Schiller's *Thirty Years' War* and the washy poetry which used to form the stock-in-trade of the German teacher in my time—I don't know what is taught now. The yearly subscription is 3*s*. ; address, Frau A. von Sonklar, Brahm's Allée 9, Hamburg.

Also received: *Modern Astrology*, with a new emblematical cover, and all kinds of improvements for the new year ; *Imperial and Asiatic Quarterly Review* for January, from an article in which we are glad to find that some of the missionaries are conscious of the mischief which would follow any attempt to give effect to the rash project of introducing Bible-reading in the public schools in India ; *Metaphysical Magazine*, in which Dr. Wilder discourses on the genesis of the Korân ; *Mind ; Coming Events ; Humanity ; The Logos Magazine ; Dharmah ; N. Y. Magazine of Mysteries ; Psycho-Therapeutic Journal ; Review of Reviews ; The Exodus ;* Dalton's *Boston Ephemeris ; Rosa Alchemica ; Light of Reason ; The Law and Occultists*, by Albert Ellis. We have also to acknowledge *Gente Vieja*, a Madrid publication which has been sent us as containing a vigorous defence of H. P. B. by our friend Señor J. Xifré against an attack in another paper which (as in England) of course refused to insert a reply.

W.

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